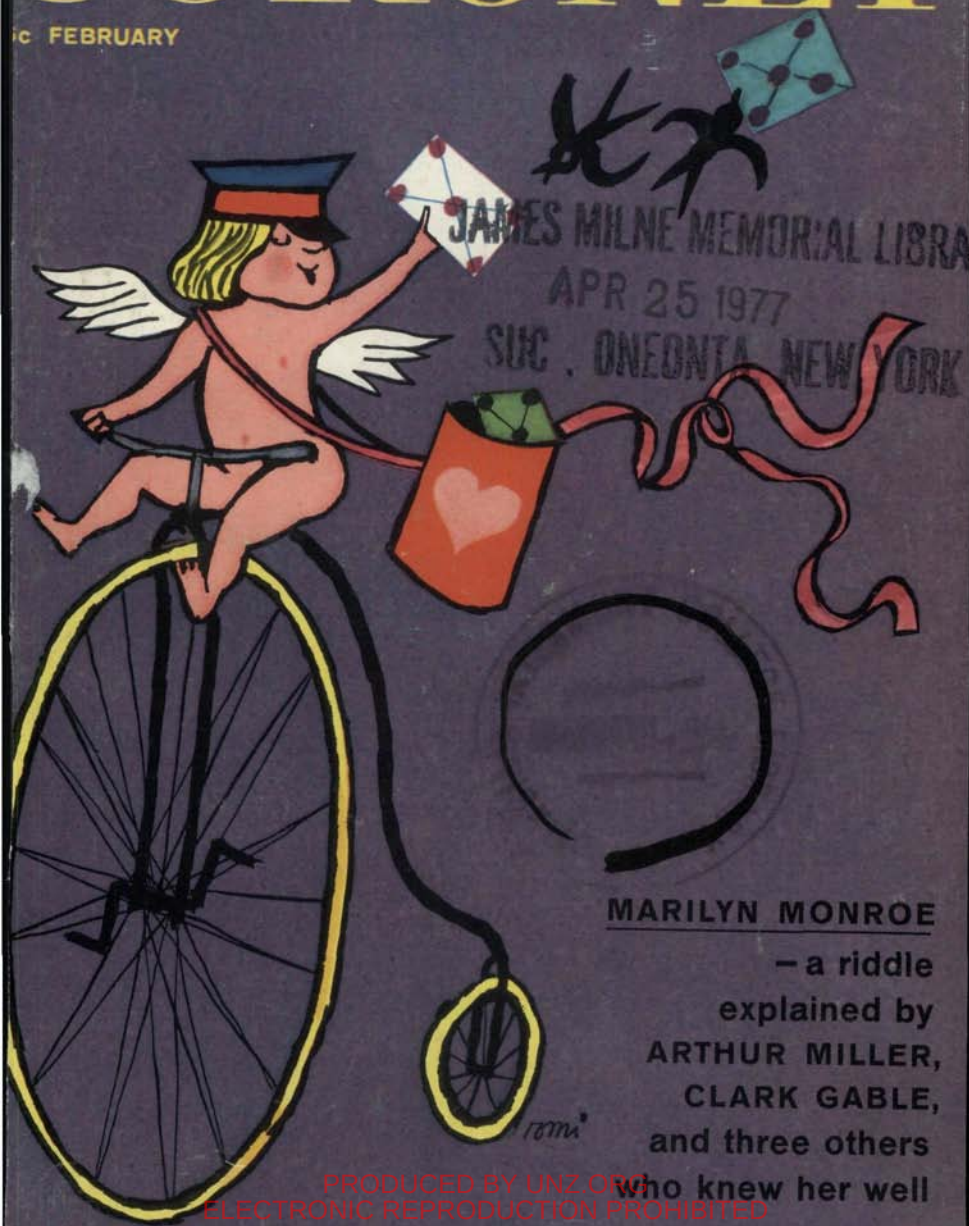


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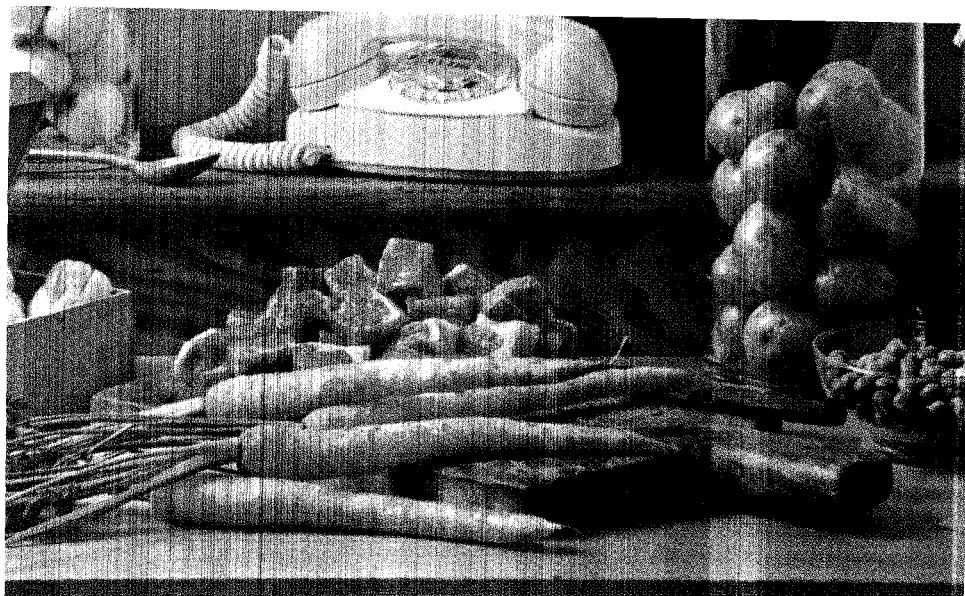
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MARILYN MONROE

— a riddle
explained by
ARTHUR MILLER,
CLARK GABLE,
and three others
who knew her well

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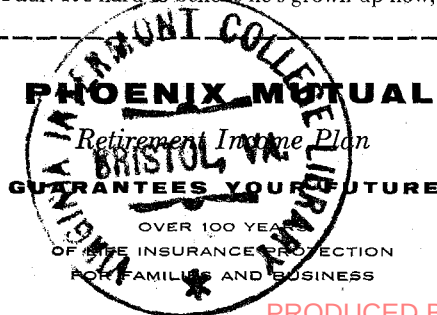
"When the booklet arrived in the mail, my dreams suddenly became possibilities. This plan was made for me. Why, I'd be able to retire even earlier than I had ever believed possible. Of course, I studied other retirement methods, but it was definitely Phoenix Mutual for me.

"To think I'm actually on my way to see Paul! It's hard to believe he's grown up now,



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Dear Reader

FOUR YEARS AGO, in January 1957, CORONET recreated in sensitive pictures the painful childhood and turbulent career of Marilyn Monroe, from "Waif to Woman." The text by novelist James T. Farrell poetically interpreted her growth to the threshold of greatness. Now different insight into the star's unique personality is revealed in the unusual feature beginning on page 58. Like many a CORONET picture story, this one began with a mass of material—more than 25,000 photographs of Miss Monroe, taken on the Reno, Nevada, set of her new movie, *The Misfits*. Some of the world's greatest camera artists—Henri Cartier-Bresson, Elliott Erwitt, Eve Arnold and Dennis



Beauty and Beard (Mark Nichols).

Stock—shot the pictures. But the job of creating a meaningful story out of this mountain of detail fell to a triple team: CORONET's Art Director Martin Rosenzweig, Senior Editors Richard Kaplan (pictures) and Mark Nichols (entertainment). Scanning postage-stamp-sized prints through a magnifying glass, they selected five that captured the essence of five moods in the Monroe mosaic. Interpreting them was the next problem, mulled in a dozen editorial conferences. Then the answer was suggested by editor Rosenzweig: five famous men, close friends of Miss Monroe's, made *The Misfits* with her. Let each, in his own words, express the five facets of her character portrayed in the photographs. Time was getting short. Editor Nichols flew to Hollywood where the cast had moved for indoor shooting. Between scenes, he showed the pictures to director John Huston, actors Clark Gable, Montgomery Clift and Eli Wallach, and Arthur Miller, who wrote the screenplay 18 months ago as "a valentine" for Miss Monroe. Marilyn thought the layouts "marvelous." To the others, each picture evoked a flash of personal feeling which they put into intimate words. Three weeks after the first raw material came into the New York office, the polished product was on its way to the printer, a breathless project about a breathless personality.

The Editors

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FEBRUARY, 1961

5

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TWENTY-FIVE OUTSTANDING

Just for self-appraisal: CHECK THOSE YOU
FAILED TO...THROUGH OVER



431. **THE RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH** by WILLIAM L. SHIRER. (Retail price \$10)



186. **HAWAII** by JAMES A. MICHER. (Retail price \$6.95)



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GOOD SENSE FOR 1961

IF YOUR SELF-CHECK reveals that you have been missing the books you promise yourself to read because of irritating busyness, there is a simple way to break this bad habit: membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club. During the coming year, at least 200 books—which will surely be as interesting and important as those shown on these pages—will be made available to members at the special members' price which, on the average, is 20% below the publisher's regular retail price.

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CORONET

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all about you

Why women marry; heartbeat harmony; male view of job heaven

RHYTHM OF LIFE

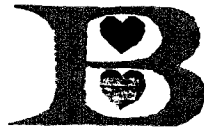
Mothers who carry their babies snuggled over their hearts may be giving them the foundations of lifetime emotional stability. And the babies may at the same time be acquiring an appreciation of music. New York psychologist Lee Salk, who explained this theory before the World Federation for Mental Health last year, believes that the rhythmic heartbeat of the mother is one of the main sensations a baby has in the womb. In the first weeks after birth, being held over the heart revives his feelings of peace and tranquility, giving him a good start toward mental health.

The heartbeat may be the prototype of rhythm in music, Dr. Salk theorizes. As this beat reminds us of feelings of well-being in the womb, musical rhythms, too, become associated with pleasure. A



majority of both left- and right-handed mothers habitually carry their babies on the left side, Dr. Salk found, after studying a group in City Hospital at Elmhurst, Queens, New York. When a normal heartbeat was broadcast in the hos-

pital nursery, babies were more relaxed and gained more weight than babies who had only the usual nursery sounds to contend with; when a racing beat was broadcast the babies were disturbed.



LOVE THAT "B"

Which is your favorite letter of the alphabet? Sixty men and 40 women students at the University of Minnesota were given a sheet of the letters in capitals and asked to list their preferences. "B" ranked first for the group as a whole. "S", "A", "M", "R" and "N" followed in that order. Men liked "A", "B" and "M" best. Least liked by all were "Y", "Q", "Z" and "X." No reason was given except eye appeal.

PALS AND PARTNERS

What wives want most from marriage today is companionship, say sociologists Robert O. Blood Jr. and Donald M. Wolfe of the University of Michigan. In their study of 909 Detroit-area families, "48 percent of the wives choose 'companionship in doing things together with the husband' as the most valuable aspect of marriage." This far out-

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all about you

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strips love, understanding, standard of living and having children.

New brides appreciate this factor most. But after 40, the wife's satisfaction slumps sharply. Children don't greatly affect companionship, the study shows; the grade school years are "the Golden Age" of togetherness, with the family sharing leisure activities. In middle age, partners often take each other for granted, and companionship lessens. When the last children are grown, a "second honeymoon" often revives sharing of experiences. As possible activities lessen with age, companionship decreases again.

Similar educational backgrounds, shared religion and an interest in organizations increases companionship. Happy, too, is the wife whose husband shares his daily experiences in talk when he comes home.



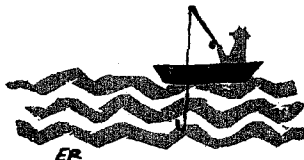
HOW TO LISTEN

We think about four times faster than we talk. Thus teachers, lecturers and executives sometimes have trouble getting their message across to audiences. Our normal conversation rate is 125 words per minute, says Prof. Ralph G. Nichols of the University of Minnesota. This slows down to about 100 w.p.m. be-

fore an audience. But thinking speed is between 400-500 w.p.m.

After two days, most people remember only about 25 percent of what they've heard, Professor Nichols estimates. To counteract this, the professor recommends:

1. Anticipate the speaker's next remark. A correct guess or an error will strengthen memory.
2. Mentally underline the examples or facts the speaker uses to illustrate his points.
3. Make mental summaries every three or four minutes.



MEN AT WORK

A survey by the Center for Research in Marketing seems to indicate American men would like to escape work and responsibility. This may not surprise wives but the researchers didn't expect their test of over 1,000 men to work out this way. The men were shown pictures of a jet pilot in his flying suit; a doctor in his smock; a welder with a torch; a businessman with his briefcase; a socialite in tails and a sportsman with a fishing rod. Then they were asked which of the men they would most like to be.

The researchers anticipated that the social prestige of being a doctor or executive would pull the most votes. Not so. They tied for second place, ahead of the socialite and jet pilot. The sportsman won, because he represented a carefree life. The welder finished far behind the others. "Who wants to work?" remarked one respondent. His comment differed from many others only for being more outspoken.

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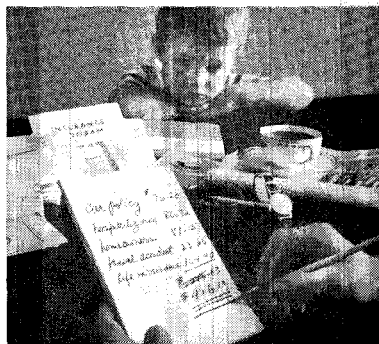
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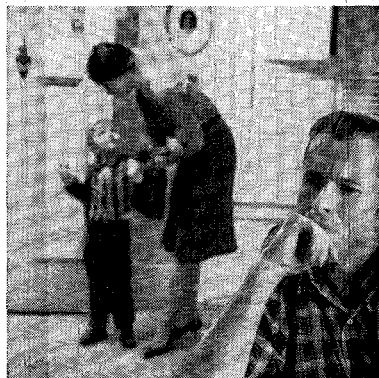
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Durable wit from Waukegan

"OVER THE YEARS, I've built up such a strong character image as a pennypincher," says Jack Benny, "that if someone suggests spending my money, I only have to hesitate and say, 'Well . . . '—and people laugh." Another character gag is his age—insisting he was 39 for over 25 years. This vanity made him vulnerable to hilarious heckling by pals—"Rochester," Phil Harris and Dennis Day. Benny doesn't mind playing straight man for them. "The laugh is important, not who gets it," he shrugs.

This year Benny celebrates his 12th season on C.B.S.-TV. In 1958, he ended 26 successful years on radio. His real age: 67 on Valentine's Day. He says his secret for keeping young is to "start new careers regularly." His latest ca-

reers are producing the C.B.S.-TV series *Checkmate* and playing the violin at benefit concerts across the U.S. to raise funds for local symphony orchestras. In 1959 the American Composers Alliance gave Benny an award for his "distinguished service to music." He quipped that this was "like giving an award to Zsa Zsa Gabor for good housekeeping." But Benny (real name: Benny Kubelsky) later confided it was one of the three happiest events in his life.

The others: his marriage in 1927 to comedienne Mary Livingstone, who retired three years ago; and the naming of a junior high school for him in his home town, Waukegan, Illinois, in 1959.

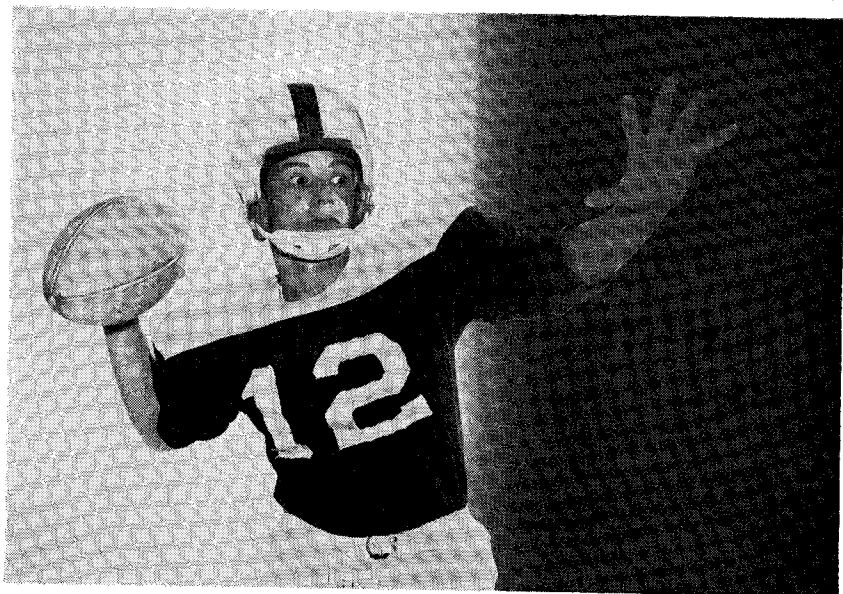
In his brilliant comedy timing, Benny uses pauses, limp hands to his face and eye-rolling—"mannerisms . . . learned from Frank Fay, master of the long take," says Peter Lind Hayes. Off-stage, Benny is a moody worrier who nevertheless laughs uproariously at other funnymen. His favorite is George Burns, a close friend.

Playing golf (in the high 80s) is one of Benny's chief hobbies. Other enthusiasms: his adopted daughter, Joan, and two grandchildren. Proud of the Emmy Awards given his show, Benny plans to work "as long as people will laugh at me."

—M.N.

Benny keeps show fresh with surprise guests like monkey act.





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If your athletic field was built before 1950, chances are its lights are below par. Players can't give their best—may be in actual danger.

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Flexible perfectionist



Newman as Ari Ben Canaan, heroic resistance leader, in "Exodus."

LOOKING OUT over the Israeli landscape as he waited for his next scene in *Exodus*, Paul Newman's blue eyes glinted with pleasure: "I wanted to play Ari ever since I read Leon Uris' book, not only because I'm Jewish, but because the framework in which he moves is exciting—the struggle to build a state by people without a country for 2,000 years."

Plagued for years by physical comparisons to Marlon Brando, Newman has proven with powerful performances that he packs his own brand of intensity. Yet he claims, "I don't enjoy acting; I spend my spare time preparing to direct." Two years ago, he took a bank loan for \$23,000 to make a 24-minute film based on Chekhov's *On the Harmful Effects of Smoking Tobacco*. Newman is now looking for another story that he could direct between acting chores.

A perfectionist, he prepares thoroughly for his characterizations by reading and by "sniffing around locales, talking to people." Trained at the Actors Studio in New York, Cleveland-born Newman, 36, developed into a versatile actor in three Broadway plays: *Picnic*, *The Desperate Hours* and *Sweet Bird of Youth*. He was signed for movies after *Picnic*, and still winces at mention of his first film, *The Silver Chalice*. Unhappy with

his seven-year contract, Newman bought his freedom from Warners last year for \$500,000. As a free-lancer he paid off this debt with three pictures: *From the Terrace*, *Exodus*, *Paris Blues* (opposite his wife, Joanne Woodward).

The Newmans live in New York, surrounded by Early American antiques, records and Paul's favorite food—beer and popcorn; also stacks of books and newspapers to keep him informed on world affairs. In love with motors and speed, he zips across Manhattan on his motor-scooter with Joanne in tow.

The 5'11", 175-pound sandy-haired actor has three children, aged six to ten, by his first wife, actress Jackie Witte. His happy second marriage, 21-months-old daughter and new stature as actor-in-demand have helped relax Newman. "I've learned to roll with the punches," he says. —MARK NICHOLS

BILL STERN, Dean of American Sportscasters, says . . .

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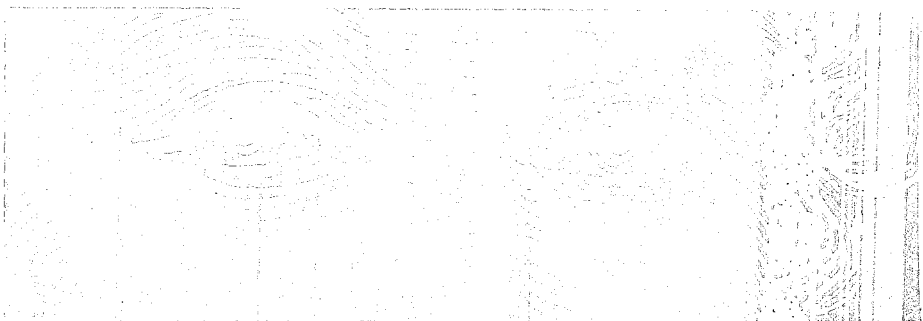
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NEW FILMS DEVELOP BETTER READERS

A series of five new Coronet films designed to help high school students and adults improve reading by developing special, useful skills.



Coronet Films has produced these 16mm sound motion pictures to establish the high standards which everyone should apply to his reading. The films illustrate specifically and practically how to correct weaknesses which fall short of these standards.

The field of reading education has undergone many changes in recent years. These films include the changes judged most effective by leading educational authorities. Proven techniques for gaining speed with understanding and for developing variable speeds for different kinds of reading material are stressed.

Full use is made of the motion picture medium. Animation is used extensively to illustrate phrase reading and for special visual effects which illustrate inadequacies in vocabulary and word recognition.

Synchronized sound in many scenes helps underscore the ideas in the films.

The films are designed to be re-shown until the principles are mastered. To make this repetition more effective, the films include special devices which provoke interest and encourage self-examination.

See next page for descriptive list of films in the series.



Educational Collaborator:

Theodore L. Harris, Ph.D., is Professor of Education and Director of the Reading Clinic at the University of Wisconsin. He has contributed to many national publications on the subject of reading and is co-author of a reading series at the elementary level. Dr. Harris has served also as a reading consultant to schools at all grade levels.

All films available in full, natural color or black-and-white.

READING IMPROVEMENT: DEFINING THE GOOD READER

(11 minutes)

Examining the reading habits of three students, this film points out the characteristics of a good reader. It is an overview of what makes a good reader and permits the student to compare his own level with high standards. Skills which most readers can improve are shown: word recognition, good vocabulary, comprehension and a variety of reading speeds.

READING IMPROVEMENT: WORD RECOGNITION SKILLS

(11 minutes)

This film shows precisely how word recognition errors occur and how to avoid them. Full attention is given to the dictionary as an aid to word recognition and to phonetic analysis, as the key to independence in reading. By using animation, the film shows students skills which can be developed for quick, accurate recognition of words by form, context, and sound.

READING IMPROVEMENT: VOCABULARY SKILLS (11 minutes)

The reader in the film begins to improve his vocabulary when he realizes that his limited stock of words restricts his reading effectiveness. Thus we learn that vocabulary improvement is a personal matter and must be undertaken with special diligence. The specific skills and exercises required to develop a better vocabulary are outlined in detail.

READING IMPROVEMENT: COMPREHENSION SKILLS

(11 minutes)

This film suggests that when readers understand how written material is organized, they will gain better comprehension of the ideas it contains. For example, the

film shows that paragraphs represent main ideas and that a sequence of paragraphs represents a series of related ideas. Finding topic sentences and learning how to outline are methods in the film to aid in better comprehension of written material.

READING IMPROVEMENT: EFFECTIVE SPEEDS (11 minutes)

Some students read too fast; others too slowly—because many are unable to vary their reading speeds with relation to their purpose and the difficulty of the material being read. The purpose of the film is to improve the reader's ability to vary his speed and to increase speed within his ability to understand. One of the accepted techniques to achieve this is phrase reading. For graphic effect, other specific habits and exercises are presented in animation.



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Elaine May and Nichols: "no more night clubs."

HIDING THEIR well-honed barbs behind innocent expressions that almost suggest an older Jack and Jill, two young satirists are keeping Broadway audiences laughing with their keen humor. They make *An Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May* an evening well spent.

Philadelphia-born Elaine May, 28, daughter of a Yiddish actor, and Berlin-born Nichols, 29, a doctor's son, impersonate a variety of characters with amazing accuracy and seeming ease. One sketch pinpoints the plight of the little man at the mercy of unrelenting telephone operators who demand explanations and give no quarter—or even his dime back. Literary figures, suburban rut-diggers, P.T.A. chairwomen and amorous teenagers all fall under their sharp eye and even sharper tongue.

The versatile comedians say they get the greatest fun out of their improvised skits. They ask the audience for an opening line (sample: "No one has such small hands,

not even the rain"), a closing line: ("Doris Milton has left the halvah plantation and is coming home") and a literary style (Hemingway, Kafka)—then fill in the rest with their imaginative ad-libbing.

"We respond best to the challenge of an off-beat style, like the Kabuki Theater or Louisa May Alcott," says Nichols. As to the amount of reading necessary for such improvisations: "You don't have to read an author's entire output to suggest his style," he shrugs.

"We've given up night club engagements," says Miss May, "because it means too much time away from home and three shows a night. Also, our stuff was planned for us to move around onstage. We enjoy playing in a theater, and prefer the more attentive audiences who come to see us there."

Since the pair started as a team in 1957, their salary has jumped from \$55 a week to a 1960 income of over \$500,000. Blond (toupeed) Mike and brunette Elaine met in an acting group at the University of Chicago in 1955, and gradually realized that their thinking dovetailed so well that one could finish the other's sentences. For this reason people assume erroneously that they are married to each other. Nichols is separated from his wife, singer Pat Scot. Elaine, a divorcee, has a daughter, Jeannie, 11, by a teenage marriage. Nichols and his partner change the subject when asked about personal matters.

As for the future, Nichols says, "We both want to write. Elaine is finishing a play for me, scheduled for next season. But we've never put our satirical routines on paper—we just act them out."—M.N.

Research chemist answers the question:

Can a deodorant really stop odor— without “stopping up” pores?

As more and more deodorants crowd the market place, many containing new synthetic chemicals, thousands of men and women are wondering whether it is truly necessary to use these strong deodorants. They wonder whether it's sensible to depend on products that change the natural functions of the pores. They want to know, “*Is it possible to stop odor effectively—without stopping up pores?*”

“The answer to this question is ‘Yes,’” says Dr. Paul M. Borick, Research Scientist in Charge of Bristol-Myers’ Microbiological Laboratories. “It is possible to stop underarm odor in a more natural way. For many thousands of people, the most desirable deodorant is one that stops odor while letting the skin ‘breathe’... while letting natural vapors and fluids freely pass out.”

Surprisingly, there is only *one*

leading deodorant today that lets the skin “breathe” this natural way. All other leading creams or sprays, roll-ons or pads *do* “stop up” pores in a way nature never intended.

This *one* exception is a deodorant with an old and famous name, but a completely new formula: new *sheer* Mum.[®]

New *sheer* Mum gives you lasting deodorant protection *without* “stopping up” the pores. It's easy to understand why, when you know that there are no aluminum salts, no harsh chemicals in Mum. Instead, Mum works with gentle hexachlorophene that lets the skin “breathe.”

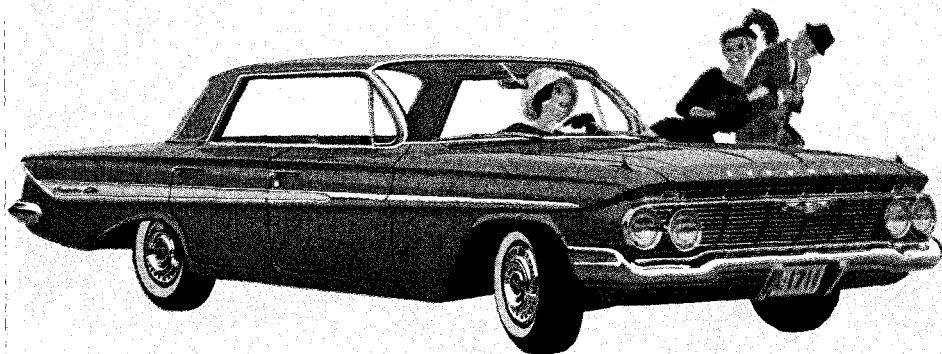
So—if you want more *natural* protection—try new *sheer* Mum. It stops odor all day. Without “stopping up” pores. And it's softer, fluffier, lighter. A pleasure to use.



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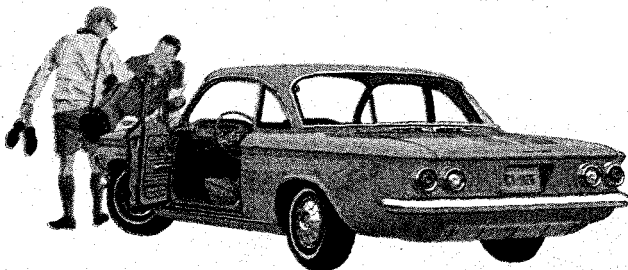
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'61 CHEVROLET



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3. Corvair 900 Monza Club Coupe



4. Corvair Lakewood 500 4-Door Station Wagon

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4. *Lakewood 500 Station Wagon*—a likable wagon with a lockable trunk. In all, up to 68 cubic feet of cargo space. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

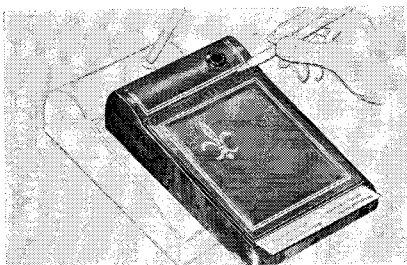
CHEVY CORVAIR



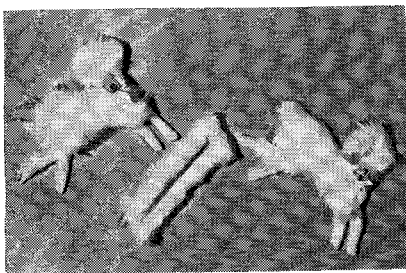
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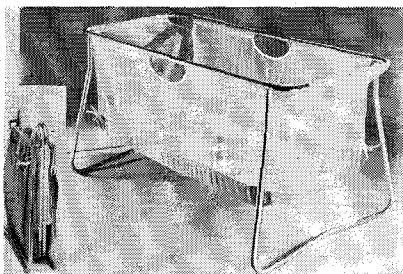
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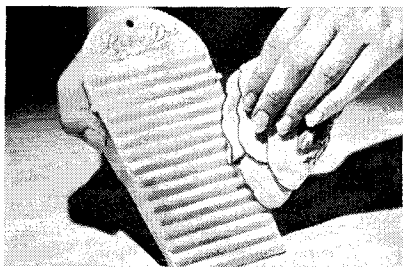
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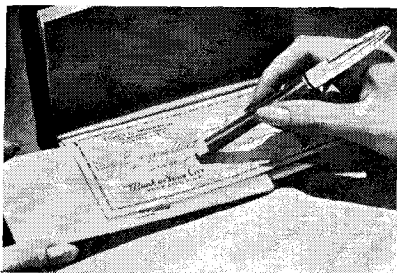
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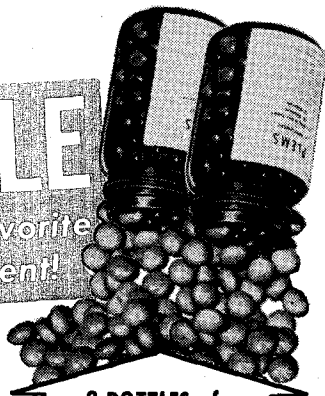
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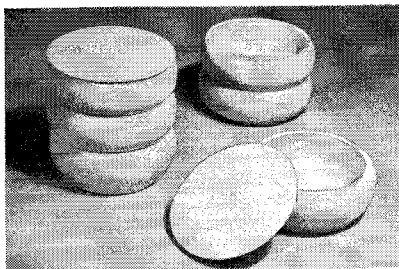
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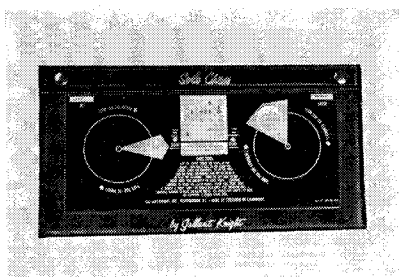
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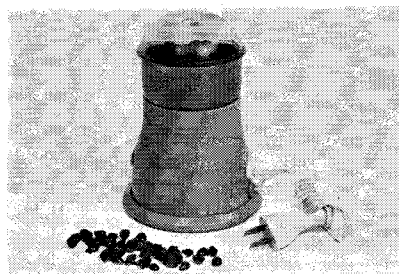
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The walls of Demetrios' house in the slums of Athens are cracked. Icy winds blow right on his face while he sleeps. His blanket is threadbare. He eats one meal a day—bread dipped in oil.

Demetrios' mother has tuberculosis and is hospitalized. His father, a rag man, earns \$13 a month. Demetrios does not pray for a blanket or more food. He prays to grow up quickly so that he can help his parents.

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CORONET

BY MIMI SHERATON



Rx for an old-fashioned girl

Maybe those ancient pamperings
didn't kill germs, but they made being ill
a luxury—and put new life
into the art of eating and relaxing

DR. WEBER STARED at me as though he had seen a ghost. “Warm camphorated oil? Raspberry tea? Good heavens, those witches’ brews went out with the old Model T. Where’ve you been lately?” “Well, it’s just that you said Chris had a head cold,” I reasoned, “so naturally, I thought of giving him the same things my mother used to give me. It’s the first time he’s really been sick, and I guess I’m a little new at this.” My voice got smaller and smaller. Men of science always did intimidate me, anyway. As he prepared his syringe for an injection, Dr. Weber went on. “One shot of this, and he’ll be up and around in no time. He doesn’t even have to stay in bed, unless he wants to. He

certainly doesn't need any potions from the Dark Ages. Medical science has made *some* progress since you were a child, you know."

I ignored the implication concerning the Dark Ages and my childhood, figuring doctors might tend to be a bit sloppy about history and dates. Instead, I checked on some of the other remedies I remembered my mother using. I found that almost every one of the comfortable old cures had gone the way of Hairbreadth Harry and penny candy. When I asked about the aromatic balms and unguents used as chest rubs, I heard that "they really didn't penetrate." Chicken broth, one of the main cure-alls, was "hard to digest," and rock candy "ruined the teeth." Only orange juice was still in good repute.

Chris began to doze as the doctor's car pulled away. I went into the kitchen for a cup of coffee and found myself comparing the modern, up-and-around school of medicine with the complicated, comfortable routine I remembered. I realized then, how pleasant it had been to be a child, sick in bed, in the good old-fashioned way.

What a routine it was—full of doctoring and dosing and dreaming. It all began when my mother declared me officially sick—sick enough to stay in bed, therefore, sick enough to stay home from school. Immediately, the day took on a holiday air. I resigned myself to bedded-down luxury with a sense of freedom and detachment. I was helpless in the face of nature.

Since most of my childhood ill-

nesses took place in winter, keeping warm was the prime consideration. That meant a long-sleeved, flannel nightgown and bed socks, which made me feel dry and wrapped up. Extra blankets were piled on, and my body seemed light and floaty under their weight. Next, came the hot-water bottle, looking floppy and good-natured, and so scaldingly hot, that it was 15 or 20 minutes before I could let my feet touch it.

If I had what my mother described as "a stuffed-up head" or "a tight chest," she filled the vaporizer with tincture of benzoin and soon the room was filled with heady, candy-sweet fumes. The bottle of camphorated oil was placed in a basin of hot water and when the oil was warm enough, it was smoothed on to my chest. Oh, the musty, mysterious, Eastern smell of it! Then, with the clouds of benzoin and camphor, the enveloping warmth and airlessness, it was as though I had been packed away in moth balls, and there I'd stay, sick and miserable, pampered and secure.

Later on, there were alcohol rubs and sponge baths. It was lovely to be washed and powdered, dressed in a clean nightgown and to lay back on cool, fresh sheets in a well-aired room. There were paper dolls to play with, coloring books to fill, soap operas to hear, and one of the delights of my life, meals on a tray.

My mother always fixed pretty trays, using the best china and silver, colorful mats and when possible, a flower. Then I remembered the tea: plain, with lemon and sugar, or with crystals of amber rock



In bed I was lost in a sweet world of dreaming, dosing, doctoring.

candy dissolving in it, raspberry tea, the gently perfumed camomile and the woody sassafras. But the best tea of all came in the late afternoons or evenings, when I had a bad cold or gripe. It was dark and strong and spiked with Rock 'n Rye. That, and an aspirin or two, produced a drowsy torpor, and I was off in a haze of groggy, half-dreams, three of which were recurrent and which I shall never forget.

One dream was about me being "Princess of Everything," a title I devised as being all inclusive. In another dream, I owned a bridge across the Atlantic Ocean, and there were hotels and restaurants along the way so people could drive to Europe in comfort. My third dream was that I built a roof covering the entire world, and everyone, everywhere, had to pay me rent, all of the time.

Such ambitious dreaming, midst such insular warmth, left me pretty thirsty, and there was always an assortment of fruit juices on hand when I awakened. Sometimes it was freshly made orange juice or orangeade with cracked ice. Lemonade had a bright, green, maraschino cherry in it and grape juice was spiced by a clove-studded lemon slice. There also might be sweet pineapple juice or grapefruit juice or combinations of any of these.

And the tall, cool tumbler always held a bent glass straw, the hospital kind, that allowed me to lean back on my pillow as I sipped the juice.

Toast was another big item in my mother's pharmacopoeia. In the early stages of an illness, it was plain

and dry, but that was soon followed by crisp, sweet cinnamon toast, and then, baby-bland milk toast, that tasted somehow of fresh air. French toast, all tender and golden and full of eggs and milk, would probably come next. When I was nearly well, I had rye bread, toasted until it was almost burnt, and covered with salt butter, the way I liked it most.

After a day or two, chicken soup appeared, steaming and rich with its bits of chicken, carrots and wide buttery noodles and fragrant with sprinklings of parsley and dill. Dessert was jello, whipped to a froth, or a baked apple rosy with cinnamon candy drops.

Eggs had their place on these bed tray menus, too: lightly poached and served on toast, mixed into those tiny macaroni starlets, pastina, or centered in a ring of creamed spinach. Later they would be scrambled and flecked by caraway seeds and finally I could have them fried, crisp around the edges.

As convalescence progressed, milk began to appear in a number of guises. Sometimes it was beaten into eggnogs, dusted with nutmeg and lightly flavored with vanilla. Or it was baked into custard and served in chocolate brown cups. Rice pudding studded with currants and bits of apple, cloudlike floating island pudding and pink junket were other stand-bys my mother used as build-up foods. And lest I forget, there was always beef tea, hot and meaty after brewing for hours in a milk bottle. Sometimes I drank it, other times it was poured over riced potatoes.

All of my illnesses had a course to run, each with its prescribed number of days in bed, days indoors, and each with its own menu and treatments. Even the food was geared to my rate of improvement.

I could judge my progress by the luncheon tray. At last the morning came when I awoke feeling light, empty and clean—in short, I was all better.

Certainly I have no complaints with medical science and its handling of the major ailments. I know about our improved health standards and the progress made against diseases that killed and crippled.

My criticism concerns medicine's attitude toward the minor ailments,

particularly those of childhood, which seem to occur as much as they ever did. The treatments of today—the disquieting shots and drab pills—seem graceless and sterile, compared to the soul-soothing remedies I remember. Then, too, with the modern method, you're often up and around long before you care to be, and for days or even weeks, the cold or gripe lingers on, tugging at your coat-tails as you go about your routine.

But most of all, those minor ailments did give children the chance to dream wondrous dreams of the future, feeling a little bit sick and a little bit sad, but very well cared-for and loved. 🍌

TALES OUT OF SCHOOL

THE LODI, WISCONSIN ENTERPRISE reports that the children of the kindergarten department of the Methodist church were playing with building blocks one recent Sunday morning, and their taste in architecture ran to missiles, forts and rockets. The teacher pointed out that houses or something like that might be more appropriate to build in a church.

She returned later to find they had erected a very tall structure of blocks. "Oh," she smiled, "you're building a church!"

"No, ma'am," said a four-year-old, "this is another rocket. But we're going to put a cross on top."

—OLLIE M. JAMES (*Cincinnati Enquirer*)

THE GRADE SCHOOL teacher was testing the class on memory of things heard. She read the story of the three blind men and the elephant and later put a question.

"Three men," she said, "examined an elephant and one reported it to be like a tree, the second said it to be like a wall, and the third thought it to be like a rope. What kind of men were they?"

One pupil shouted, "Specialists!"

—MAXWELL DROKE
(*Speaker's Handbook of Humor*) Harper & Brothers



human comedy

A WOMAN JUROR stalked out of a Winston-Salem, North Carolina, jury room, snatched her scarf and handbag and called out to the startled judge: "There was so much talking, fussing and carrying-on that I've had all I want of it."

—HAROLD HELFER

I WAS LUNCHING at our hospital's canteen counter when a pretty young nurse followed by a good-looking interne came in and took the only vacant stools, which happened to be on either side of me.

I turned to the young man and offered to change seats with him so they might sit together. "Oh, that isn't necessary," he said, but I insisted and pushed my plate over into his counter space.

After we'd exchanged seats, he turned to the nurse and in a loud voice announced, "Now that the

seating arrangements finally suit this nice doctor, we might as well make him extremely happy and get acquainted."

—DR. L. BINDER

THE IMPATIENT ANGLER had tried all manner of bait on the disdainful fish.

Finally, in disgust, he threw down his reel, and taking a handful of coins out of his pocket, cast them into the lake.

"All right," he shouted, "go buy yourself something you *do* like."

—MARGARET GRAHAM

A PROMINENT SCIENTIST swears this is true. He gave a talk at a highly secret meeting of military brass and started off with a joke. A few days later a general sidled up to him in a cafeteria and said, "I got a kick out of your joke the other day. Would you mind repeating it to me here so it will be declassified and I can pass it along?"

—WILLIAM COOPER
(Scripps-Howard Newspapers)

WHEN THE STUDENTS of a second-grade teacher in our town asked her age, she told them to make a guess. Conjectures ranged from ten to 100 years. The nearest was 35. So the teacher asked the youngster how he arrived at that figure.

"My uncle is 35 years old," he said, "and you look a little like him."

—CLARENCE ROESER

THE BUTCHER confronted his customer with embarrassment. "I'm sorry, madam, but I can't give you further credit. Your bill is much higher now than it should be."

"I'm aware of that," the woman exclaimed, "so, if you'll make it out for what it should be, I'll pay it."

—R. LISHINSKY

CORONET

MY SMALL DAUGHTER has a wonderful imagination. The week after Christmas she walked over and handed me an imaginary present with the comment, "Mommy, here is another present for you."

I pretended to take it and said to her, "This is beautiful." To which she replied, "But Mommy, you didn't unwrap it yet!"

—MRS. CHARLES GILBERT

IT HAD TAKEN much patience, but the parents of a three-year-old had finally taught her to say grace before meals. Then one day the mother heard the youngster reciting the prayer while taking her bath.

"Honey," the mother called in, "you don't have to say grace all the time. Just before you eat."

"I know," came the reply, "but I just swallowed the soap."

—*Family Weekly*

A WOMAN WAS overheard directing her female companion into a narrow parking space. Standing on the sidewalk, she observed that her friend's auto was even with the parking area—about ten inches back of the rear bumper of the car ahead, ten inches from the front bumper of the car behind—but in the middle of the street. "That's perfect!" she shouted. Then, motioning toward the curb, she added helpfully, "Now come this way."

—S. L. MARSHALL

THE POMPOUS OLD JUDGE glared over the rims of his spectacles at the prisoner before him on a charge of vagrancy. He looked at the report of the arrest again and asked rather scornfully, "Have you ever

earned a dollar in your life?"

"Yes, Your Honor," replied the vagrant. "I voted for you at the last election."

—GEORGE MEYER

TWO VACATIONING businessmen were comparing notes on the beach at Miami. One said, "I'm here on insurance money. I collected \$50,000 for fire damage." "Me, too," the second merchant said. "But I got \$100,000 for flood damage." There was a long, thoughtful pause and then the first man said, "Tell me, how do you start a flood?"

—ANDREW CARLISLE

A FRIEND OF OURS reports an odd experience he had at a drive-in movie theater one night. He watched a love scene for 25 minutes before he realized he was facing in the wrong direction.

—A. M. A. Journal

THE TRAIN ENGINEER jumped out of bed and ran over to the clock. The alarm hadn't gone off.

He rushed to the shower and slipped on the tile, twisting his ankle. While shaving, he gashed his chin. After dressing he noticed he had on one blue and one brown sock. It was too late to change so he rushed to the station yard, jumped into the cab of his locomotive, opened the throttle, and the train took off.

Just as he was catching his breath, he saw another train coming toward him at breakneck speed and on the same track! Shaking his head, he turned to the fireman next to him.

"Joe," he said disgustedly, "did you ever have one of those days when everything seems to go wrong?"

—MICHAEL CARRIGAN



BY DR. HARLOW SHAPLEY

There must be life on other worlds,
says one of our greatest
astronomer-philosophers. Shouldn't
this cause man to abandon the
conviction that God smiles on him alone?

The riddle of God, man and outer space

FOR CENTURIES, almost since the day he clambered out of the primeval ooze, man has looked to the sky and wondered: "In this universe of stars, space and time, am I alone?" After a half century of studying the heavens, I am struck by the inescapable conclusion that there *is* life in outer space; there must be. The laws of science leave me with no other rational belief. ■ I would estimate that there are more than one hundred quintillion radiant stars in the sky—100 followed by 18 zeros! Suppose that only one star in 1,000,000 has a family of planets. And suppose that only one in 1,000,000 of these stellar families has a planet like Earth. There would still be 100,000,000 planets suitable for life—or one suitable planet for every trillion stars. And this is a conservative estimate. ■ Man's first reaction to disturbing truths about his relative insignificance within the universe usually is: "Don't bother me. Life is difficult enough." Fortunately, however, this initial response is soon supplanted by curiosity, surprise, respect and wonderment. People begin to ask: "What will this do to my importance in the world?" "What will this do to my religious beliefs?" ■ The possibility of life in outer space does open a Pandora's box for humanity. For if, indeed, we are not alone in the cosmos, we must re-examine our philosophical and religious concepts—and abandon some of them, if need be. Many of our venerable religious beliefs are based on the limited view of the universe that prevailed before the telescope opened the sky and the microscope opened the underworld of atoms and cells. The prophets of antiquity had no reason to believe man was not God's supreme creation. But their vision was myopic, as we now see. Doubtless our vision is also deficient. But we do recognize that we are acting in a play far grander than foretold in bygone times. Reverence then had to be supported with imaginings and superstitions. But the facts of today far transcend the fictions of yesterday. To be reverent, we no longer need the crutches of superstition. Now,

many of our old dogmas seem too earth-bound, too egotistically man-centered. With our earth, moon, planets and bright stars exposed as motes in one star-filled galaxy among millions, is it not foolish to cling blindly to the notion of a one-planet God? To me, the idea that some omnipotent deity smiles on Earth alone has doubtful validity.

As matters stand, there is only one basic question that still baffles us: "*Why* is there a universe?" Many exclaim, "God only knows!"—apparently this is "restricted" information. But scientists, somewhat incorrigible, ask *why* only God should know—why must we accept the suggestion that secrets must forever remain secrets?

I am unwilling to attribute the origin of life to unquestioned Divinity. Nature has given us mental equipment. It seems unnatural not to use it—even if it means dispelling cherished ideas. Mystery invites observation and analysis—and the mystery of life strikes me as a challenge worth meeting.

If there is some grandeur in man's position in space, I fail to find it. Life—the biochemical adventure that has occurred on our undistinguished planet during the last 3 billion years—could have transpired on other planets circling other stars. No, our glory must lie elsewhere. This means we should openly question the vain and tedious line that man somehow is something special, something superior. He may be. I hope he is. But certainly it is not his prestige in space, his energy or his abilities that make him unique.

Actually, man has made far less of an impression on the face of the earth than the tiny animals of 100,000,000 years ago. They, at least, contributed their shells to the making of the chalk cliffs of Dover, and produced considerable limestone all over the planet. Seen from the moon or Mars, the earth must look very much the way it did in primeval times. The advance and retreat of glaciers and ice sheets have been the chief visible changes—and man had nothing to do with them.

One could conceivably imagine biological monsters on another planet—monstrous in physique or in ingenuity—that could level off the mountains, melt the ice caps, dispose of the rivers and seas, perhaps alter the orbit of Earth. But man is not of that brain and brawn. We are equipped with powers far short of those that often enrich our imaginations. In fact, we are rather feeble-minded compared with what we might be—compared, indeed, with what may exist elsewhere.

All right, so we are comparatively inconsequential; what is so humiliating about that? The gazelle runs faster than we do, the hippopotamus is larger, and the dog can hear better—does this degrade us? No, we easily adjust to these evidences of inferiority and still maintain a feeling of importance. After all, it is a magnificent universe we live in. To play a role in it—however humble—should be satisfying enough.

The origin and persistence of life on this or any other planet is one of the wonders of the world. Until recently, its beginnings seemed to

be science's greatest unsolved problem. Now it is no longer a deep mystery. We have bridged, at least in part, the gap between life and the lifeless by using the already known mechanics of nature; supernatural "intervention" is not required.

A FEW YEARS AGO, several American scientists, following the lead of Russia's A. I. Oparin and the Englishman, J. B. S. Haldane, began to speculate about the conditions on Earth when life first appeared. It became clear that Earth's primeval atmosphere was quite different from what we now have. There was marsh gas, ammonia gas, water vapor and a tremendous amount of hydrogen. Oxygen was scarce or nonexistent. The absence of free oxygen was a valuable clue in the solution of the mystery of life. In those early days, there were several energy sources available for the building of complicated big molecules out of simple ones: lightning, gamma rays, volcanic heat and ultraviolet sunlight.

Suppose we confine the four gaseous constituents of the primeval atmosphere in a container and bombard the mixture with a continuing electric discharge. We would then be using lightning and primitive gases as they were used thousands of millions of years ago. In a University of Chicago laboratory, Dr. Harold Urey and his graduate student, Dr. Stanley Miller, carried out this experiment. A deep pinkish glow appeared in the container after a week's bombardment. An analysis was made by Dr. Miller,

who found that many compounds had been produced. Among them were amino acids—the building blocks of proteins—which in turn are the materials of living bodies.

Much hard work is yet to be done, but we are now confident that life will emerge whenever and wherever the physics, chemistry and climate are right. But what about life in other worlds? Does it exist? And if so, what is it like?

Varieties of life other than ours are possible. We can rule out the sun and other radiant stars as sites for life. They are too hot. In sunspots and some of the cooler stars, we find evidence of simple molecular compounds, but no evidence of those delicate structures that compose protoplasm, the life substance in our world.

Planetary surfaces appear to be the likeliest places for life. But the following conditions must exist:

1. Water must be available in a liquid form—not cold ice or hot steam. Therefore the distance of a livable planet from its star—its source of light and heat—cannot be too great or too small.

2. Some atmosphere is necessary. Therefore the planet's mass must be large enough to retain important gases. Hence we must eliminate all comets, meteors, asteroids, small satellites and wandering atoms and nebulae.

3. The atmosphere must be oxygen-rich, if air-breathers are contemplated, and it must not contain poisons in sufficient abundance to kill off the air-breathers. Hence, no more strontium 90 than we now

nervously endure, nor too much carbon monoxide.

4. The planet's orbit must be approximately circular. Otherwise the temperature range throughout the planet's year would be unendurable.

5. The planet's rotation must be such that the nights are not too long and cold, and the days not too long and hot.

6. The nourishing star must be reasonably constant in energy output. An exploding star would kill all organisms on its planets.

7. Life must somehow get started. This is the most important condition. We can trust evolution to diversify life into its myriad forms.

For various reasons, all the planets in our little solar system disqualify themselves as havens for life. Although the popular belief is that seasonal changes on Mars prove the presence of vegetation, no one now believes that highly developed life exists on that inhospitable red planet. Algae, fungi, mosses—that is about as far as any student of Mars cares to go—and that is too far, in my opinion.

It looks as if the only place in our solar system suitable for life as we have defined it is right here on Planet No. 3. But our solar system is just a speck in the cosmos, which stretches toward infinity; who can say that someday we will not find life in another distant galaxy?

But planets are not the only possibilities for life in outer space. There must be millions of astral bodies bigger than the largest planet and smaller than the smallest

star. I call them "Lilliputian stars," and some of them could be of the right size and temperature to retain liquid water on their surfaces. They also could be massive enough to hold a life sustaining atmosphere.

If life inevitably starts when the physical conditions are right, then some of these Lilliputian stars may have life on their watery or rocky surfaces. If so, that life must be vastly different from that which we know. There would be no natural violet-to-red light and, therefore, presumably no sense of vision. The surface gravity would be great and any living organisms would have to adjust to enormous pressures.

Many religious men try to dismiss this view of the universe as mere speculation, insecurely founded. They cannot seem to recognize that the God of humanity is the God of gravitation and the God of atoms. But at least they should entertain the possibility that there may be other higher beings somewhere in the cosmos who can attain the same intellectual and spiritual rating we now arrogate to ourselves.

With our confreres on distant planets; with our fellow animals and plants of land, sea and air; with the photons and atoms that comprise the stars; with the rocks and waters of all planetary crusts; with all these we are associated in an existence and an evolution that inspires respect and deep reverence.

We cannot escape humility. And as groping scientists and philosophers, we must be thankful for the mysteries that still lie beyond our grasp. 👑



Cheating death at the hands
of the Nazis and Arabs,
he became one of America's
most brilliant students

ONE MORNING in June 1959,
2,334 seniors took part in the
colorful commencement exercises
of the City College of New York.
It was a memorable occasion, be-
cause one of the graduates had

scored the highest record in the 112-
year history of this academically
demanding "subway college." Gil
C. AlRoy, a handsome, 30-year-old
student born in Rumania, had re-
ceived an "A" in every subject, sur-
passing the records set by such
C.C.N.Y. alumni as Bernard Ba-
ruch, Supreme Court Justice Felix
Frankfurter and Dr. Jonas Salk.

Actually, Gil AlRoy is lucky to
be alive. For this young man has
literally come back from the dead
—eluding Soviet slave labor hun-
ters, climbing out of a mass grave
after being shot by the Nazis, and
surviving Arab gunfire—in one of
modern history's most fantastic es-
cape sagas.

AlRoy was born in the Rumanian
city of Cernauti, the only child of a
Jewish couple who ran a hairdress-
ing shop, and quickly displayed
near-genius qualities. He was able
to read Rumanian, German and
French newspapers as a five-year-
old, and spoke six languages fluently
by the time he was eight. In school,
he was placed with boys several
years older, yet finished at the head
of every class and every institution
he ever attended.

On June 28, 1940, Russian troops
poured into Cernauti as part of
their deal with the Germans to dis-
member eastern Europe. The Al-
Rois soon had their shop and sav-
ings confiscated and, though only
12, Gil himself had to hide out in
the woods to avoid being shipped
to a forced labor camp.

Then, in June 1941, Hitler dou-
ble-crossed Stalin and German
troops poured across the Austrian

border to attack Soviet forces. After four days of fighting, the Germans occupied Cernauti. Flushed with victory, Nazi storm troopers—guided by pro-Nazi Rumanians—began to round up what they called “Jewish Reds.” A storm trooper stopped Gil, but let him go because his blue eyes, blond hair, fair complexion and ability to speak German without a trace of an accent, seemed to qualify him as a “perfect Aryan.” But then a Rumanian stool pigeon screamed, “I think he’s Jewish!” and the youngster was ordered to identify himself.

“I ran for it,” Gil recalls, “but three of them caught me and began to beat me with their rifle butts. One smashed me in the face with his butt, breaking my nose, and blood ran all over the street. Then they threw me on the floor of one of their trucks.”

The truck convoy headed for the banks of the Pruth River, where Gil and 2,000 fellow prisoners were given shovels and told to dig trenches. Those who dawdled were clubbed or bayoneted. When the trenches were finished, they were told to line up in front of them. The terrifying suspicion that had been gnawing inside them was now confirmed: they had been digging their own graves.

Some tried to run, some screamed hysterically, some begged for mercy, and some just stood motionless, murmuring a final prayer to God. For more than ten minutes, bursts of machine-gun fire sent bodies toppling back into the trenches.

Gil was hit in the leg and tumbled back into his open grave, unconscious.

Two other men, shot in the head, fell on him and lay across the bottom half of his body. It was dark when he awoke to hear the voices of peasants who had come to loot the dead. When they removed the two bodies on top of Gil, he opened his eyes and rose up on his knees.

“I saw a scene so ghastly, so hideous, I will never be able to blot it out of my mind,” he says. “Dead men, women and even children were piled up like heaps of garbage. The odor was so horrible I blacked out again from nausea. When my eyes opened once more, I tried to tell myself it was all a bad dream, that human beings simply could not turn into butchers who would slaughter other humans. But when the peasants noticed me and began to shout that I was alive, I knew this was no dream.”

The looters threw Gil into a cart and took him to the headquarters of the Rumanian police. They wanted a reward for turning in a “criminal” who had escaped execution, but the police threw them out, snarling, “Why didn’t you just let him die with the others?”

Though Gil had cheated death, he felt it was only a temporary reprieve. His face was a mass of caked blood and burned with fever, while his wounded leg throbbed painfully. Finally, the police sent a doctor to patch him up and threw him into a jail cell. For a week, he subsisted on water and bread that was so stale it was pocked with green fungus.

Gil’s parents, in hiding, persuaded



The Germans burst in and found Gil's mother kneeling by his bed, apparently saying a prayer for the dead.

ed a sympathetic Rumanian policeman to find their son. The policeman located the half-starved boy in prison and managed to secure his release. In the candle-lit gloom of their cellar, Mrs. AlRoy nursed Gil back to health, feeding him from a dwindling supply of canned foods.

One night, three drunken soldiers, armed with rifles and bayonets, smashed in the door to the cellar. "I was lying on the bed, too frightened to move," Gil recalls. "Because of what I'd been through my face looked as black as death, so my

mother acted quickly. She put a few candles next to my bed and knelt as if in prayer for the dead. The soldiers thought they had stumbled into a funeral parlor and they ran out. Mother's quick thinking had saved us."

Subsequently, the Germans herded all the surviving Jews into a special ghetto. The older people were weeded out for shipment to the gas chambers, while the young were put to work on fortifications. One night, Gil violated curfew restrictions to go out and forage for

food. He was picked up, beaten and sent to a forced labor camp.

"I found that most of the inmates in the camp were resigned to their fate," he remembers. "Even if they had a chance to escape, they wouldn't take it. Years before, I had read a book by the French writer, André Malraux, which had made a deep impression on me. Its title was *Man's Fate*, and its theme was that even the most downtrodden person should retain the hope of freedom. In that Nazi camp, I tried to think and act according to Malraux's philosophy."

Five days after his arrival, Gil escaped, found his way back to Cernauti, and hid out with a Jewish family that had been released from the ghetto to perform special Government work. He was picked up again, but gave a false name and thus escaped being shot as a wanted fugitive. However, under his false name, he was sent to his second forced labor camp. A month later, he escaped again—only to be arrested for the third time.

Sent to still another camp, he promptly made his third escape and slipped way back into Cernauti. There he learned that his school was conducting a speed-up program to allow top students to receive their diplomas. "I was so anxious to graduate that I decided to risk going back to school under my real name," Gil says. The war had caused such chaos that his return was accepted without question. None of his teachers was aware of the fact that he was a three-time escapee from forced labor camps.

In June 1944, however, shortly after Gil had been graduated from high school at the top of his class, the Nazis decided to check on reports that labor camp escapees had filtered back into the schools. Gil was apprehended and compelled to show his diploma, which revealed his true name. His next destination was Rumania's infamous Doaga concentration camp, a maximum-security enclosure surrounded by high walls and electrically charged wire fences.

Fifteen hours a day, the inmates—Jewish slave laborers, Rumanian political prisoners and Russian prisoners of war—built fortifications. They lived in tiny underground cages with no sanitation system, and disease and filth were rampant. Each day, men dropped dead of TB, beatings and malnutrition. Nevertheless Gil refused to give up hope.

ONE DAY, he struck up a conversation with an enemy officer, and impressed him with his command of languages. An Austrian, the officer became friendly when Gil revealed that his father had fought for Austria-Hungary in World War I. The officer slipped Gil extra rations and cigarettes.

"I found that it was possible to find a decent human being even though he wore a swastika," Gil says. "This officer hated the Nazis but he was afraid to express his feelings openly. He told me that he prayed they would lose the war, but that there was no hope for me or any of the other prisoners. The camp com-

mandant, he said, had vowed to kill every last one of us before the Russians could free us.

"This gave me the courage to ask him if he would help me escape. 'I think I can get out if you can find me a German uniform,' I told him. He was very startled, but a few days later he agreed to help me. I think he felt this would ease his guilt feelings about serving the Nazis."

The officer arranged for Gil to be transferred to a cage set apart from the other inmates of the camp. Late one night, he unlocked the door and threw a bundle inside. In it was a Nazi S.S. uniform. Gil put it on, then waited until shortly before dawn, when he knew that German sentries at the camp gate were replaced by Rumanians.

"I felt it would be easier for me to bully Rumanians than Germans," says Gil. "As I headed for the gate, I kept thinking of passages from Malraux's book to give myself courage and self-confidence. As I approached the gate, I shouted in German for the guards to open it. They jumped to obey, and never realized that I was too young to be an S.S. man."

Doaga was later liberated by the Russians, but Gil heard that many of the inmates were slaughtered first, just as the commandant had promised. He never learned what happened to the helpful Austrian.

After shedding his uniform, Gil headed for the town of Bacau, where he had friends. But Rumanian troops were scouring the area, fearful that Soviet paratroopers had landed. A patrol captured

Gil, convinced that he was a Red paratrooper disguised as a civilian. After a drumhead trial, he was condemned to be shot. In desperation, however, he managed to get word of his plight to a local industrialist whom his family had once befriended.

One morning, three guards came to Gil's cell and took him out into a courtyard. He was certain that the end was in sight. Instead, he learned that he had been paroled in the custody of his industrialist benefactor.

Shortly thereafter, the counter-attacking Red Army rolled into Bacau. To Gil, this was no army of liberators but rather a case of one tyranny replacing another. He knew he had to flee again, particularly when he heard that natives of Cernauti—which the Russians now claimed as part of the U.S.S.R.—were being deported to work in Soviet munitions plants. Through his industrialist friend, he acquired a Hungarian passport and, under the aegis of the International Red Cross, joined a Jewish caravan bound for Palestine. He celebrated the end of World War II in the Jews' historic homeland.

In 1948, the state of Israel came into being, but before long the armies of seven Arab nations attacked the new little nation.

Gil became a lieutenant in the Israeli tank corps and was wounded once in an Egyptian air raid. A month later, his tank was hit by a shell and Gil was hurled 14 feet through the air. When a medical aid man reached him, he found no

pulse and marked Gil as "dead."

But whatever angel had watched over young AlRoy for eight years was still working overtime. A nurse checked his "corpse" in a field hospital and, to her astonishment, found a slight pulse beat. He was quickly given oxygen and soon was breathing normally.

When Gil recovered from his wounds, he was treated to yet another miracle—a reunion with his parents, whom he thought were dead. They too had been in a concentration camp, but had survived. While believing Gil to be dead, they had never stopped searching for a definite answer. The Red Cross finally located Gil for them in Israel.

After the war with the Arabs, Gil began working in the office of the U.S. Consulate in Haifa. James A. May, then U. S. vice-consul, was so impressed with AlRoy's high I.Q. and command of eight languages that he urged him to emigrate to America and resume his education. Gil arrived in New York in 1954 and, after his father's death, brought his mother to live with him. He worked at odd jobs, but

found it impossible to finance an education in a tuition college.

Then he learned that New York's City College offered free education for municipal residents who had compiled outstanding high school records. Gil was allowed to enter the college as a part-time student, while he tried to secure his high school transcripts from Rumania. After some delay, the photostats arrived. As a full-time student, he progressed so quickly that he was allowed to enroll in one honor seminar after another and took courses virtually around the clock.

AlRoy is now at Princeton University, studying for his master's and doctorate in the social sciences under a Woodrow Wilson Fellowship. He expects to go into college teaching but also hopes to aid the Government in any way he can.

"Americans are still too complacent about the danger the world is facing from totalitarian systems," he says. "People who have always enjoyed freedom tend to take it for granted. This can be a tragedy. If you're not on guard all the time, today's freedom can easily become tomorrow's tyranny." 

KILL-JOY!

THE STORM WAS INCREASING in violence and some of the deck fittings had already been swept overboard, when the captain decided to send up a signal of distress. But hardly had the rocket burst over the ship when a solemn-faced passenger stepped onto the bridge.

"Captain," he said, "I'd be the last man on earth to cast a damper on anyone, but it seems to me that this is no time to be setting off fireworks." —quote

A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

Celebrities often differ from reporters in describing themselves, says Guest Quizmaster Dick Van Dyke, emcee of A.B.C.-Radio's daytime program, "Flair." Below, Dick presents quotes from famous people who are talking frankly about themselves—and he asks you to name the speaker. The definitive answers on who's who are found on pg. 128.

Look who's talking!



1. I am just a nice clean-cut Mongolian boy.
Chiang Kai-shek Yul Brynner The Dalai Lama
2. I am an optimist. It does not seem too much use being anything else.
Winston Churchill Dwight D. Eisenhower Albert Schweitzer
3. All the things I . . . like . . . are either immoral, illegal or fattening.
Orson Welles Sophie Tucker Alexander Woolcott
4. I laugh because I must not cry.
Abraham Lincoln Charles Chaplin Emmett Kelly
5. I shall be able to rest one minute after I die.
Pope Pius XII John Foster Dulles Fiorello La Guardia
6. My chief regret . . . is that I couldn't sit in the audience and and watch me.
Milton Berle Sarah Bernhardt John Barrymore
7. To me, old age is always 15 years older than I am.
Maurice Chevalier Eleanor Roosevelt Bernard Baruch
8. I was well beaten myself, and I am the better for it.
Sugar Ray Robinson Field Marshal Montgomery Napoleon
9. My vigor, vitality and cheek repel me. I am the kind of woman I would run from.
Clare Boothe Luce Lady Astor Elsa Maxwell
10. The first thing I do in the morning is brush my teeth and sharpen my tongue.
Oscar Levant Drew Pearson Tallulah Bankhead
11. All this has been my fault. It is I that have lost this fight.
Kaiser Wilhelm II Benito Mussolini Robert E. Lee
12. . . . I have no vanity . . . when they meet me nobody can help liking me.
Nikita Khrushchev Liberace Frank Lloyd Wright
13. All the really good ideas I ever had came to me while I was milking a cow.
James Cagney Grant Wood Carl Sandburg
14. I never was allowed to speak when my husband was alive and since . . . no one has been able to shut me up.
Perle Mesta Emily Post Hedda Hopper
15. My life is a simple thing . . . I was born and that is all that is necessary.
Fidel Castro Douglas MacArthur Albert Einstein
16. Most people say that as you get old, you have to give up things . . . I think you get old because you give up things.
Senator Theodore Green Pablo Picasso Grandma Moses



Lincoln

TODAY, 96 YEARS after John Wilkes Booth shot Abraham Lincoln, scholars are out to assassinate another Lincoln—a plaster saint constructed of rumor, gossip and fiction.

Lincoln was a great man, and needs no fictional props to support his reputation. Yet no American has been the object of so much mythmaking. Words have been stuffed into Lincoln's mouth, glorifiers have tampered with the story of his love life, forgers have copied his signature and admirers have spun tall tales about everything from his physical prowess to his kindness to animals.

Lincoln experts now are trying by painstaking research to kill the fictional Lincoln to preserve the man beneath the myths. What they have found may surprise you.

Take the by-now-immortal love story of Lincoln and Ann Rutledge. According to this yarn, Lincoln in 1835 was supposed to have been madly in love with an angelic, auburn-haired beauty named Ann Rutledge, who died before he could marry her. The tragedy supposedly



His image grows clearer—and his stature even greater—as scholars rip aside the cloak of fiction that has shrouded “Honest Abe”

without myth

BY AL TOFFLER

marked Lincoln for life, turning him forevermore melancholy. This story, repeated, elaborated, encrusted with sugary anecdotes, has been told a thousand times. It is beautiful.

Yet no reputable Lincoln scholar today believes it.

The myth was first widely publicized on November 16, 1866 in a lecture given by William Herndon, Lincoln's onetime law partner, who had interviewed residents of New Salem, Illinois, where the romance allegedly occurred. Although the only evidence he could turn up was second- and third-hand accounts fuzzed over by the passage of 31 years, Herndon presented the story as fact. He neglected to report that at least some of the people he interviewed had denied the story.

Years went by. Then one afternoon in the early fall of 1928, a woman named Wilma Frances Minor walked into the offices of the *Atlantic Monthly* magazine, and placed before its editors a packet of diaries and love letters that had supposedly passed between young Lincoln and the beauteous Ann.

The editors of the *Atlantic* were

suspicious. They submitted the letters and diaries for testing by handwriting experts, chemists, Lincoln biographers. As the reports came in, however, excitement mounted. The papers were holding up under the most intense scrutiny. Accordingly, the magazine proceeded to publish its discovery in installments.

But while the readers ooh-ed and aah-ed, Paul M. Angle, secretary of the Lincoln Centennial Association, began his own analysis of the letters, finding discrepancies that others had missed. For example, the letters referred to “Kansas.” Yet that name did not come into use until 20 years after their date. There were other holes in the story. The magazine gave Angle space to present his case, and he asserted that “by no possibility can the Minor collection be genuine.”

After this, Angle analyzed the whole Rutledge-Lincoln romance story. His conclusion, accepted today by Lincoln experts everywhere, is blunt: “Of reliable evidence touching upon the romance itself there is not the slightest particle. No contemporary record containing even a

hint has ever been discovered.”

Which only goes to prove “you may fool all of the people some of the time; you can even fool some of the people all of the time; but you can’t fool all of the people all the time.” Or does it?

Of all the words attributed to Abraham Lincoln, few are repeated as frequently as those quoted above, supposedly from a speech at Clinton, Illinois, on September 2, 1858. Yet newspaper reports of the speech do not include this epigram, and according to David Mearns, editor of “*The Lincoln Papers*,” and chief of the manuscript division, Library of Congress, “The quote is not authentic at all.”

But even if a fiction, it is not a distortion of Lincoln’s probable beliefs. Such is not the case, however, with a quotation in which Lincoln was alleged to have declared that some day Catholicism “will have been forever swept away from our country.” The same quote has Lincoln saying: “I see a dark cloud on our horizon . . . coming from Rome. It is filled with tears and blood.” These lines are often attributed to Lincoln in anti-Catholic tracts. The fact is that Lincoln, who believed profoundly in religious freedom, never said them. They were penned by Charles Chiniquy, a defrocked Catholic priest whom Lincoln, as a lawyer, once defended in a slander suit.

One of the most notorious misattributions was the so-called “Ten Points.” These ten admonitions begin with “You cannot bring about prosperity by discouraging thrift” and end with “You cannot help men

by having the government tax them to do for them what they can and should do by themselves.”

In 1950 Congresswoman Frances Bolton placed the “Ten Points” in the *Congressional Record* and *Look* magazine reprinted them, both the lady and the magazine being under the impression that they were legitimate Lincoln utterances. In 1954 the maxims popped up in a speech by a member of the Cabinet. In 1956, during the Presidential election campaign many Republicans used them in speeches, literature or letters-to-the-editor.

The author of the Ten Points, however, was not Abraham Lincoln. He was the Reverend William J. H. Boetcker, who first copyrighted and printed them in 1916. The Republican National Committee has issued special instructions to its followers: “Warning: The Following Ten Maxims Are Not Lincoln’s . . . Do Not Use Them As Lincoln’s Words.”

If some Republicans and conservatives have put self-serving words into Lincoln’s mouth, so have Democrats and liberals. Former Vice President Alben Barkley, for example, at a dinner of labor officials once quoted Lincoln as saying: “All that harms labor is treason to America. . . . If any man tells you he loves America yet hates labor, he is a liar. If any man tells you he trusts America, yet fears labor, he is a fool. . . .”

Barkley’s speech set well with his listeners, but it made the scholars squirm, for this is another “Lincoln” epigram that Lincoln didn’t coin.

Time and again supporters of a high tariff have credited Lincoln

with saying: "When an American paid \$20 for steel rails to an English manufacturer, America had the steel and England the \$20. But when he paid \$20 for the steel to an American manufacturer, America had both the steel and the \$20." A thorough search of Lincoln's speeches and writings reveals no source for the quotation. Furthermore the first steel rails to be rolled in the U.S. were rolled after Lincoln's death.

THOSE who want Lincoln on their side in a conflict have occasionally stooped to outright forgery. In 1920 Benito Mussolini's fascist newspaper, *Popolo d'Italia*, published a letter in which Lincoln in 1853 urged unification of Corsica with Italy. Nobody, apparently, stopped to consider why Lincoln in 1853, when he was still a lawyer in Illinois, should have been so up-to-date on Italian politics. The letter, as investigation has proved, was a fraud.

The manufacture of fake Lincoln letters became almost a profession for a shrewd forger named Martin Connelly, alias Joseph Cosey. Cosey used special paper watermarked in 1851. He managed to avoid trouble with the law because he never attempted to sell his forgeries as the genuine. He would merely sidle up to a prospective purchaser and ask, "Do you think this might be worth something?" The collector or dealer, eager to snap up what looked like a genuine article for a low price, would fall for his bait. The New York Public Library, which is a repository for phony Lincoln documents, has a considerable collection

of Cosey's work and though he has dropped out of sight in the last eight years, it thinks of him affectionately as its "favorite forger."

The library also has numerous forged copies of one of Lincoln's most famous epistles, the so-called Bixby letter. The Bixby story, like the Ann Rutledge yarn, has been told and retold. Mrs. Lydia Bixby of Boston was said to have lost all five of her sons in the Civil War. Lincoln's letter expressed sympathy for her and was delivered to her on Thanksgiving Day, 1864, by Adjutant-General William Schouler of Massachusetts.

Schouler released the text of the letter to the press. In the letter Lincoln spoke of "the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom," and the Bixby letter has become one of the most widely reproduced of Lincoln documents.

It wasn't until the 1920s that a topnotch Lincoln expert, Dr. William E. Barton, checked the details. He found that Mrs. Bixby had not lost five sons "gloriously on the field of battle." Two had died as Union soldiers; one was captured by the rebels and returned to her in good health; the other two had deserted from the Union Army, one even enlisting in the Confederate cause.

When Barton first tried to publish his findings, the press refused on grounds that the story of the Bixby letter was beautiful, even if not wholly true, and that the public prefers blissful semiknowledge to the unhappy truth.

The original letter has never been

found, although countless forgeries of it have turned up. A facsimile of one of the forgeries even hung in the White House during Theodore Roosevelt's administration.

According to Reinhard H. Luth-in, author of *The First Lincoln Campaign*, the heroic portrait of Lincoln often seen on the walls of public school classrooms has Abraham Lincoln's head resting on the impressive body of John C. Calhoun—who died a decade before Lincoln was elected President.

Why has Lincoln become the particular victim of the mythmakers? First: much of our information about Lincoln's early years comes from witnesses recalling events many decades after the fact. Second: these reminiscences were warped by the desire of the witnesses to bask in reflected greatness. Third: Lincoln did not often talk about his personal life. More important, the circumstances of his life, his dramatic assassination, the emotions connected with the Civil War, and his own rich personality all combined to make Lincoln a natural folk hero.

These reasons, and the human inclination to hang on to a good story—true or false—account for the hardihood of many myths about Lincoln. Misconceptions about him, even those which have been set aright repeatedly by the scholars,

have a way of surviving. Thus, despite frequent denials by men who have devoted their lives to Lincoln research, many people still swear that Lincoln wrote the Gettysburg Address on the train on his way to that historic battlefield. It isn't so. He wrote part of it in Washington. The remainder is believed to have been written in his room in Gettysburg. Again, the idea that Lincoln's father, Thomas, was a shiftless, irresponsible lout, has been disproved by careful study of contemporary real estate and business records. Yet most people still accept it.

The characterization of Lincoln's marriage as unhappy has been upset by the scholars who say that there is no evidence at all to indicate that Lincoln was not an affectionate and reasonably content husband. But the fable lingers. The notion that Lincoln spent his youth in unusual squalor—even Woodrow Wilson referred to this—has been set aside after comparison of conditions in the Lincoln home with conditions among other pioneer families. But the belief in his allegedly penurious boyhood continues.

As for Ann Rutledge, the experts are resigned to her immortality. No matter how often the love affair is deflated, Ann manages to rise anew as Lincoln's "one and only" love.

And she probably always will. 

SIGN LANGUAGE

A STRINGLESS VIOLIN was displayed in the window of a secondhand shop with this sign:

"This is yours for \$35, no strings attached."

—LOUIS KIRSCHBAUM

small talk

aFTER ATTENDING THE weekly church service, a woman with a reputation for being critical was talking to her neighbor. She said the seats in her pew were hard, the hymn singing was off-key and the preaching was poor.

At that point, her little girl, who had gone with her, spoke up: "But, Mama," she said, "what can you expect for a dime?"

—Wall Street Journal

mY DAUGHTERS, Patti, five, and Lori, four, were discussing God one day when Lori asked, "Doesn't God get cold up in heaven at night?" To which Patti very seriously replied, "Of course not, silly. He pulls the clouds over Him."

—WILLIAM JOSEFFER

iHAD STOPPED at the counter in a large department store that was featuring a sale on dolls. Two little girls, about nine and ten, were a few feet away from me critically examining first this doll and then that one out of the huge selection. After a while the little girls turned to leave. As they passed me I heard the younger of them disdainfully remark, "They just don't make legs like they used to."

—MRS. GORDON VOILES

fIRST-GRADER MELANIE was engaged to marry the young gentleman next door, but the engagement was broken abruptly.

"Why aren't you going to marry Danny?" asked Melanie's mother.

"Well," the child said loftily, "he just isn't ready for marriage yet." And then she added as an afterthought, "Besides that, he scribbled in my coloring book."

—Wall Street Journal

mY SIX-YEAR-OLD niece was visiting us one afternoon and her grandfather, to keep her amused, was teaching her to count backwards. This went on for a while until I asked her what came after "1". Without hesitation, she answered, "Blast off!"

—ISABEL FRANK

wHEN WE MOVED from a city apartment to our own home in the suburbs, my two-year-old daughter was fascinated by her new surroundings. The flowers, squirrels, etc. were a great source of wonderment to her.

I didn't realize how great until one day she looked at the apple tree in our back yard and asked, "Mommy, why did you hang those apples on the tree over there?"

—ROSE BODNER



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Five men,
close to
the world's
most famous blonde,
present a

Mosaic of Marilyn

A child of unwed parents, raised in loveless foster homes, Marilyn Monroe miraculously flowered into our nation's goddess of love. Hers is Hollywood's most magic name, but her personality remains elusive. In her new movie, **The Misfits**, she worked closely with five men who knew her well and saw her differently: from the left, Montgomery Clift, of her generation; Eli Wallach, a "big brother"; playwright Arthur Miller, who married her in 1956; director John Huston, her discoverer; Clark Gable, her leading man. On these pages, each comments on the Monroe character riddle as he alone views it. But fate wrote a bitter postscript. At the end of the filming, Marilyn and Miller separated, and a few days later Gable died of a heart attack.

Photographs by Magnum

He first directed Marilyn back in 1949 in **The Asphalt Jungle**, which started her toward stardom. I remember she was nervous, but she knew what she wanted. She insisted on reading for the role sprawled on the floor. She wasn't satisfied. She asked if she could do it again. But she had the part the first time. Marilyn is serious about her work. And she's unique: she has to go all the way down into herself for everything she does, hauling it up from her middle every time. It doesn't come easy, but by God, she draws it out of that wonderful body. Marilyn's ready now to tackle serious, complex roles like this one in **The Misfits**. I don't need to direct her much. She has a keen instinct about a line, a mood, a gesture. Any director who says he would never work with her again is nuts. I like a woman who has life inside her. I've asked Marilyn to play 'Anna O.' in my next picture, **Freud**. And we plan to do **Lysistrata** together one day."

JOHN HUSTON:

"She's serious and unique... but it doesn't come easy"





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ELIA WALLACH:

“She’s cute,
sexy,
naive,
difficult and
insecure”

“This is no dumb blonde. She’s got guts! She saw herself drowning in Hollywood in 1955 and told her studio, ‘I’m not going on just wiggling my behind.’ She moved to New York to study at the Actors Studio. I met her there. We developed a brother-sister relationship. She often baby-sat with my kids. Marilyn is not any one thing; she’s multidimensional — she’s cute, sexy, naive, difficult and insecure. On the set she’s a fun-loving girl, cutting up and joking with the crew. After all, she’s a child of Hollywood — her mother worked as a film cutter at RKO. Once Marilyn acted as my agent, and I lost the part because she was so tough in her demands for me. As an actress, she has lots of imitators—but only Marilyn survives. Why? Because people sense something real and helpless from her on that screen; they want to protect this girl, and she makes them ashamed for having thought any dirty thoughts about her.”

"She listens, wants, cares. Marilyn has an amazing intuition—and her perceptions are razor-sharp. Out of those damned responsive eyes of hers flickers thought after thought. She and I talk a lot about New York, which we both love. Like me, she lives there now between pictures. Hollywood is a world of self-strokers, where sanity depends on a sense of humor. Marilyn has it—in spades. No subtlety of humor escapes her. I catch her laughing across a room and I bust up. Every pore of that lovely translucent skin is alive, open every moment—even though this could make her vulnerable to being hurt. I would rather work with her than any other actress. I adore her."



MONTGOMERY CLIFT:

"I catch her
laughing and
I bust up"



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CLARK GABLE:

"Strange
and
exciting...
that
magnificent
torso!"

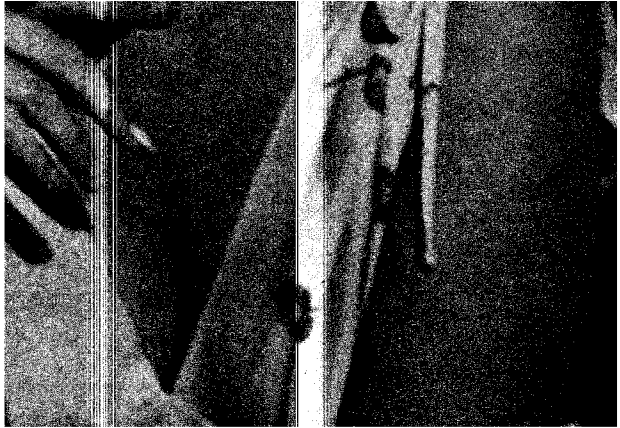
Everything Marilyn does is different from any other woman, strange and exciting... from the way she talks to the way she uses that magnificent torso. One thing we have in common is that people look for sexy scenes in my movies, and they certainly expect them from Marilyn. I've always liked blondes. And they're a good combination for me on the screen—some of my most successful pictures were opposite blondes: Jean Harlow, Lana Turner, Grace Kelly. Actually there are remarkable physical similarities between Harlow and Monroe, and both made their mark in comedy. But Harlow was always very relaxed; she made no effort to be funny—and often didn't know she was. This girl is high-strung, and she worries more—about her lines, her appearance, her performance. She's constantly trying to improve as an actress. I'm convinced that in this picture, Marilyn shows a depth that will make people stop thinking of her as just a 'sexpot'."

"I based a lot of Roslyn, the girl in my **Misfits** screenplay, on Marilyn. Marilyn identifies powerfully with all living things, but her extraordinary embrace of life is intermingled with great sadness. In the picture, Roslyn dances in the woods, longing for the stability of a tree, sad that she can't be one with Nature's beauty. Marilyn's tremendous empathy for people and animals is reflected in the movie too. The three men who love Roslyn wrangle horses, and the girl suffers when the beasts are mistreated. Frank Taylor, our producer, says 'Marilyn hates cages for birds, leashes for dogs and halters for herself.' He's right. To understand Marilyn best, you have to see her around children. They love her; her whole approach to life has their kind of simplicity and directness. I have not really helped her as an actress; Marilyn has perfected herself. She can imply the world in a look. The thing is, Marilyn has become a sort of fiction for writers: each one sees her through his own set of pleasures and prejudices." 🐾

ARTHUR MILLER:

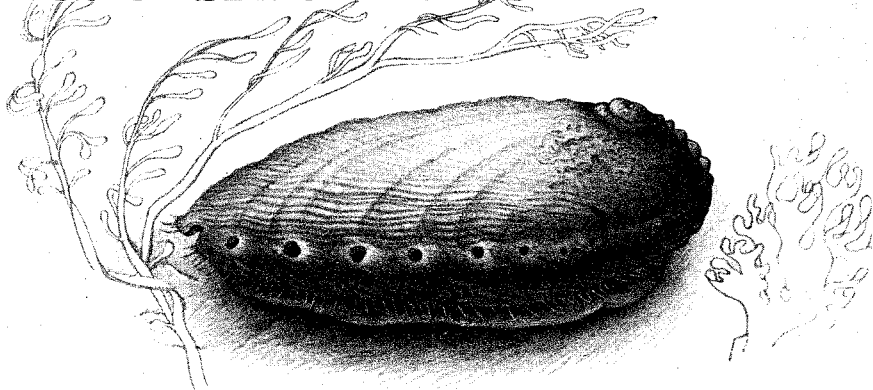
"An embrace
of life,
intermingled
with
sadness"





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Abalone: exotic “sirloin of the sea”



This phantom of the deep
doesn't look, smell or taste like a fish. But he's
as delicious as he is hard to trap

BY MARTIN ABRAMSON

ONE SATURDAY morning a few months ago, a New York disc jockey woke up craving a seafood specialty that was only available 3,000 miles away in San Francisco. On an impulse, he called a few of his friends and induced them to fly there with him. That evening, they dined happily on Fisherman's Wharf. The next morning, their appetites sated, they flew back East.

The food which impelled them to fly 6,000 miles is a shellfish called abalone, one of the sea's most mysterious—and most succulent—products. Gourmets refer to it as the “sirloin of the sea.”

For centuries Indians in what is now the State of California enjoyed abalone. In 1542, when a Spanish explorer named Juan Rodríguez Cabrillo discovered San Diego Har-

bor, the friendly natives fed him an abalone dinner. Cabrillo found it so tasty that he returned to Spain raving about it—and that was the start of the abalone craze.

Fishermen have pursued the abalone so fervidly that these shellfish have been threatened with extinction several times. Until recently, California was the only place in the Western Hemisphere where they could be found—and strict conservation laws now protect them. In the past few years, however, new discoveries of these elusive mollusks in deep waters off Mexico's Baja California peninsula have made them plentiful and available in frozen form.

The abalone is a fish with neither the look, taste, nor smell of anything culled from the ocean—and therein lies much of its appeal. It can be served as an unusually delicate steak which features the tenderness and tastiness of a veal steak when the veal is cut thin, as for scalloppini. It is light, filling and easy to cook, since it requires no soaking, beating, slicing or special seasoning. Each abalone steak can be popped into a hot, buttered griddle or pan for about a minute on each side, and then served with a lemon wedge or cocktail sauce.

Connoisseurs also relish the abalone cocktail. Again, the preparation is simple. The abalone steak is simmered in a small amount of lightly salted water until it is tender. The meat is then diced, flavored with lemon juice and Tabasco sauce and served.

Abalone is excellent for dieters.

It contains only 101 calories per gram, has practically no fat content and is nearly 20 percent protein. Recent studies also have shown that it is loaded with "antimicrobial" substances. The Division of Biologic Standards of the National Institute of Health has found that juice squeezed from the abalone is very effective in combating certain viruses.

In many parts of the world, the abalone shell is regarded as a treasure. Its interior is shaped like a deep dish and colored like a tropical sunset in dazzling hues of pink, blue, silver, brown, green and violet. The Indians often molded the shells into costume jewelry, while the Spanish *conquistadores* fashioned them into priceless furniture inlays. And the American pioneers who reached California in the 19th century did a thriving business exporting abalone shells to the Orient and Europe.

Yet the "sirloin of the sea" remains an annoying enigma to students of marine life. Its first mystery is its Spanish name; nobody has yet been able to discover the derivation or meaning of the word "abalone."

In appearance, the abalone has only one shell on its back, and none underneath, totally unlike other shellfish. It has no discernible head and is largely a mass of white muscle shaped like a flat foot and flanked by a pair of tentacles.

A lonely, shy rock-dweller, the abalone can clamp its flat foot so tightly on a favorite deep-water crevice that no carnivorous fish can dislodge it. This mode of living has

apparently kept it alive for eons, since it dates back to the Paleozoic period and is one of the most primitive creatures on earth.

The abalone may live on one rock for years, and during the day remains absolutely motionless. Under cover of night, it roams for plant food. But no matter how far it travels and despite the fact that its tiny eye spots can barely distinguish between light and darkness, it always finds its way back home before morning. It can't be trapped or caught like other fish, but must be pried loose by divers armed with large paring knives.

Although the abalone is a mollusk which procreates by laying eggs, its reproductive habits are another enigma. "We've never been able to find out where the abalone lays its eggs, when it lays them or what they look like," says Carl Burnham, vice president of Marine Products Co., the only company that distributes these frozen steaks across the U.S. "If we knew more about its habits, we could help stimulate production."

In California's bygone era, the abalone could be found close to the surface of the water, and the Indians would rush out with crude implements when low tides uncovered the rock sanctuaries. Later, the Spaniards and Americans denuded all the shallow abalone beds known to the Indians.

Pioneer divers in the early part of the 20th century, working without masks or underwater breathing gear, went down 30 to 40 feet to find new supplies of abalone. They began a

tradition of abalone parties, in which they'd slice and pound the shellfish and cook it themselves along the beach.

They held so many abalone parties that they virtually wiped out the middle-depth beds, too. The divers went still lower and the state conservation laws got stricter, but the supply of the savory "sirloin of the sea" continued to dwindle. Skin divers, both amateur and professional, still prowl the deep off the California coast and haul up abalone for restaurant menus and beach parties. However, the great majority of the world's commercial catch is now made off Mexico's Pacific Coast, near volcanic Cedros Island. Here divers go down as far as 140 feet to haul out their quarry.

Wearing 130 pounds of equipment, these Mexican divers must battle swift underwater currents, strangling seaweed, killer whales and vicious moray eels. Three abalone divers died last year, one from an underwater heart attack, another from the "bends," and a third from an attack by a killer whale.

Nearly 30,000 abalones are pried out of these waters each day during a nine-month diving season. The typical abalone weighs a half-pound, stripped of its shell. The shells also contain mother-of-pearl, but this is normally too small and too brittle to have any commercial value.

By tradition, the abalone is regarded as a kind of aquatic good-luck charm. To the Chinese, it represented a symbol of long life and good fortune. A strip of dried aba-

ABALONE DELICACIES

Abalone Steaks Sauté Amandine—(served by Hollywood's Brown Derby)

Dip ten-ounce abalone steaks in cup of flour, then in cup of egg batter and again in flour. Fry (a maximum of two minutes on each side) in heavy skillet coated with four ounces of well-heated butter. Turn once. Transfer to hot plate, sprinkle quickly with one teaspoon minced parsley, then squeeze the juice of half a lemon over steaks. Cover with Sauce Beurre Amandine (butter sauce with almonds). Serve at once with new potatoes in parsley, or French fried potatoes. Serves two.

Abalone Parmigiana—(served by New York City's Envoy Restaurant)

Dip abalone steak in beaten egg, then in Italian-style bread crumbs (with garlic), then into egg again. Place in hot pan and fry in olive oil (two teaspoons per serving) for one minute on each side. Remove, place on broiler, cover with Mozzarella cheese and one can of Italian tomato sauce. Broil until cheese melts. Serve with lemon wedge and tartar or cocktail sauce, French fried or whipped potatoes, and a green salad with French dressing or tomato slices.

Gulf of California Abalone Manhattan—(served by The Greenbriar, White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia)

Pound the abalone until extra thin. Season well with salt and pepper. Roll it in flour, then fry in clear butter until brown. Garnish with melon balls and pieces of lemon and serve.

Abalone Sandwich—(served by Nathan's of Coney Island)

Thaw, wash and water the abalone steak. Dip into dry flour, then into egg-wash mixture composed of one well-beaten egg, four ounces of water, four ounces of milk, and a touch of Accent. Dip it again into egg-breading or any pancake mix. Deep-fry in 375° oil for one and a half minutes. Add tartar sauce, then serve between slices of bread or in soft roll.

lone is often enclosed in Chinese gifts as a good-luck amulet. In some sections of Europe, old abalone shells are strung outside the house to turn evil spirits away, while on Britain's Channel Islands, they are strung on poles and play the role of scarecrows.

Even the Mexican divers who risk their lives to capture the abalone off Cedros Island see strange enchantment in their catch. Cedros is an island of desert and volcanic rock,

barren save for a little company village. Yet a stream of crystal-clear, fresh water flows from the island's highest hill. It has helped keep shipwrecked sailors alive when their boats were dashed against its rocks, and it now supplies all the water for the island's present inhabitants.

How did it get there? The geologists are stumped, but veteran diver José Lucero says with a knowing smile, "Where there is abalone, there you find magic . . ." 

IN MARCH CORONET

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Now Possible to Shrink and Heal Hemorrhoids Without Surgery



*Science Finds New Healing Substance That Stops
Itch, Relieves Pain In Minutes As It Shrinks Hemorrhoids*

By John E. Knight

A WORLD-FAMOUS institute has discovered a new substance which has the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids without surgery. The sufferer first notices almost unbelievable relief in *minutes* from itching, burning and pain. Then this substance speeds up healing of the injured tissues all while it reduces painful swelling.

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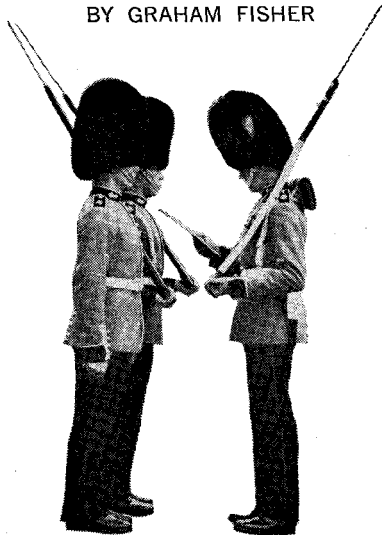
narcotics, anesthetics or astringents of any kind. The secret is the new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) — now offered in both *ointment* or *suppository* form called Preparation H®.

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Advertisement

BY GRAHAM FISHER



All

the

queen's

men

In 300 years
Britain's invincible
palace guards
have lost only one battle—
to sniping tourists

THE BUCKINGHAM PALACE Guards surrendering to the enemy! It was unthinkable—yet it happened. Ambushed by camera-clicking tourists, sniped at by practical jokers, mischievous little boys and droning guides, vulnerable to the flirtations of pretty girls, Britain's famous, scarlet-clad, bearskin-hatted Guards have surrendered their sentry posts outside Buckingham Palace and retreated to safer positions inside the palace railings.

No soldiers on earth are prouder of their combat records than the troops of the Household Brigade that constitute the Queen's personal bodyguard: two cavalry regiments—the Life Guards and the Royal Horse Guards; and five foot regiments—the Grenadier Guards, the Coldstream Guards, the Irish Guards, the Welsh Guards and the Scots Guards. Thus, former Guardsmen snorted angrily at the ignominy of the order withdrawing them to a less hazardous beat.

"It's a wonder they don't put a notice outside the palace asking tourists to feed the Guards through the bars," wrote one retired officer, perhaps recalling the memorable line delivered by Lieut. Col. H. M. Sainthill of the Coldstream Guards at Tobruk during World War II:

"Surrender is a maneuver the Guards never practice in peace and do not know how to carry out in war." While many British troops surrendered to Rommel's surrounding Afrika Corps, the Coldstreamers fought their way out of the Tobruk trap.

Since before the days of Queen

CORONET

Victoria, the Guards have been closely identified with the royal family. Their treasured standing dates back to 1656 when the Grenadiers were known as the King's First Foot Guards. Then in January 1660 General Monck mustered his men in the border town of Coldstream and marched south from Scotland to help Charles II regain his throne from Cromwell's Roundheads. The Guards have a share in American history, too. It was a Captain Holmes in the Coldstreamers who captured New Netherlands from the Dutch and renamed it New York in honor of the Duke of York, Charles II's brother.

NEXT TO Queen Elizabeth herself, the Guards are undoubtedly London's outstanding tourist attraction. The annual full-dress parade of the Brigade of Guards—the ancient Trooping the Color ceremony which the Queen herself leads every June—is perhaps the most colorful spectacle of the London year. And every day thousands of tourists flock to watch the changing of the foot guard in the forecourt of Buckingham Palace or glimpse the shining breastplates and tossing plumes as the cavalry guards take up their posts outside the Government buildings at Whitehall.

To tourists, the sentries at Buckingham Palace all look alike. They can, in fact, be distinguished by the colored plumes in their bearskin hats: white for Grenadiers, red for Coldstreamers, blue for the Irish Guards, and white and green for the Welsh Guards. The Scots Guards

wear no plume and the cavalry regiments are differentiated by both their plumes and their tunics. The Life Guards have scarlet tunics and white plumes; the Royal Horse Guards, blue tunics and red plumes.

It takes weeks for these cavalry sentries to learn the knack of mounting a horse in a tight, cumbersome uniform which weighs 56 pounds. The steel helmet alone tips the scale at seven pounds. The elaborate uniforms which the men of the Household Cavalry wear on ceremonial occasions—steel helmet, nickel-plated cuirass (breastplate), white buckskins, leather jackboots and highly burnished swords—cost British taxpayers almost \$500 apiece. Their black horses—there are 200 of them stabled in London's Hyde Park barracks—are mostly bred in Ireland and cost about \$400 each.

By comparison, the uncomfortable, Victorian-style uniforms of the foot guards—thick tweed trousers and padded tunics—are relatively inexpensive. The most costly items are the bearskin hats, which, curiously, are lighter than they look. Their average weight is about one-and-a-half pounds, and they cost British taxpayers roughly \$40 each.

Whatever their regiments, the foot guards all start their military careers in the Guards Depot at Pirbright, 30 miles west of London. They undergo 15 weeks of tough training designed to make or break them. On parade, they do everything at double time (116 paces to the minute). Off parade, they polish boots and buttons until they can see their faces in them—and then polish

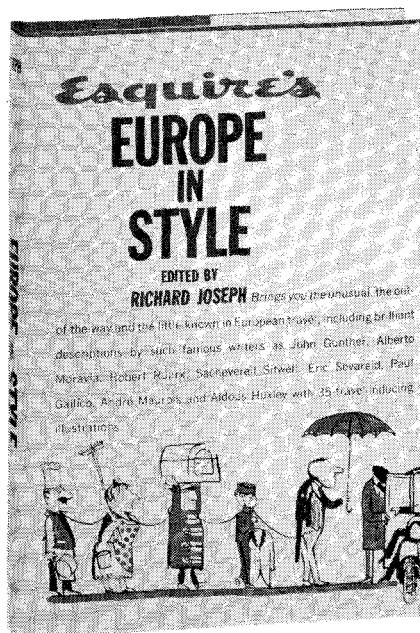
them again. "At Pirbright you're either polishing your boots or drilling in them," sighed one recruit.

When Pirbright is through with him, spit and polish has become second nature to a Guardsman. During the retreat to Dunkirk, the Grenadiers (who do not, of course, fight in dress uniform) took part in many rear-guard actions against the advancing Germans—and still found time to keep their belts pristine white. And the men of the Guards Armored Division shaved meticulously before going into action alongside the U.S. 82nd and 101st Airborne Divisions at Eindhoven and Nijmegen.

The Guards have a heritage of tradition dating back beyond Napoleonic days (the famous bearskin hats commemorate victory over Na-

poleon's Imperial Guard at Waterloo). Three of the Guards regiments—the Coldstreamers, the Grenadiers and the Scots—trace their origin back to the 17th century, and their keen rivalry also dates from that time. In fact, when King Charles II proclaimed that the Grenadiers should take precedence over all other regiments, the Coldstreamers, who had helped to place Charles back on the throne, promptly took as their motto: *Nulli Secundus* (Second to None). And to this day the Coldstreamers refuse to drink a toast to the Queen's health at officer's mess. Having restored the monarchy, they consider all other gestures of loyalty pointless.

All regiments of the Brigade of Guards form the Guards of Honor for the Queen on great occasions.



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The special Queen's Company of Grenadiers will bear her casket to its burial place when she dies; they are the tallest troops in the British Army, ranging from six feet, three inches, to six feet, eight inches.

No one has ever called the Guards a democratic institution. They are military snobs and do not conceal the fact. Promotion is slow. Even an outstanding man sometimes needs six years to reach the rank of sergeant and 12 to make sergeant-major. But less than ten percent of the officers in the Guards come up through the ranks. The rest are products of stately English families and exclusive schools.

But the battlefield deeds of the Guards prove that they are not mere chocolate soldiers. The first Victoria Cross (Britain's highest military hon-

or) awarded in World War II went to a Guardsman—Harry Nicholls, a Grenadier who singlehandedly wiped out three German machine-gun posts. Guards units were present at the landing at Salerno and the bloody battle for Monte Cassino, and were the backbone of such new British fighting formations as the Commandos, the Special Air Service and the Long Range Desert Group.

Even in peacetime, the Guards do their share of fighting. In recent years, they have seen action in Kenya, Aden, Cyprus and Malaya—although few would suspect it, watching them mount guard over Buckingham Palace, St. James's Palace, Clarence House (where Princess Margaret lived before her marriage and where the Queen



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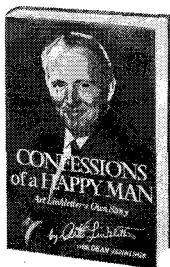


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Mother still resides), Whitehall, Windsor Castle, the Tower of London and the Bank of England.

Such duties are mainly picturesque vestiges of an earlier era. At the Tower of London, the Guards on duty take part in the nightly ceremony known as "The Keys." The dialogue is unvarying:

"Halt. Who goes there?"

"The keys."

"Whose keys?"

"Queen Elizabeth's keys."

"Advance Queen Elizabeth's keys. All is well."

The nightly guard on the Bank of England is an equally quaint ritual harking back to the riots that rocked London nearly two centuries ago. At 4:30 each evening (5:30 in summer), an officer and 16 Guardsmen set out from their barracks at Wellington to march several miles across London to the Bank. Nothing must stop them. Even if traffic lights are against them, they must tramp straight on—trusting in Providence to prevent oncoming cabs from mowing them down.

At Buckingham Palace, where the Guard is changed at 10:30 each morning, Guardsmen are posted for two-hour tours. Almost imperceptible signals enable them to maintain their reputation for clockwork drilling by telling each other what they are about to do. For "on the march" signals, a single outstretched finger means: "I am going to halt"; two fingers mean that a Guardsman is going to salute; five fingers, that he is about to present arms.

The touch of white-gloved hands with which the Guard captains ac-

knowledge each other when the picturesque changing of the Guard takes place each morning is symbolic of transferring the key to the Queen's home. Today, there is no key and nothing changes hands—although one Grenadier captain once slipped a dead mouse into a rival Coldstreamer's gloved hand.

At Windsor Castle, the captain of the Guard is occasionally invited to drink sherry with the Queen's equerry and, if she is in residence, to dine with the Queen. One officer, who had carefully removed his sword before taking part in this custom, found it had vanished when he resumed duty. The missing weapon was later discovered in the hands of Prince Charles, who was using it to play soldier in the castle courtyard.

But even these normally pleasant guard duties have become increasingly hazardous in recent years, however. Guides poked at Guardsmen with sticks while lecturing about the unit's uniforms and traditions. Tourists posed in groups around them for souvenir photographs. Small boys tried to stick apples on their bayonets, and giggling models cuddled up close for publicity pictures. One Guardsman outside Buckingham Palace found himself doing sentry duty with a brunette in a swimsuit posed on one side of him and a blonde in a bikini on the other. Another, at the Tower of London, had to keep a stiff upper lip and poker face while being ostentatiously ogled by Ava Gardner.

Then the impossible happened. Outside Whitehall a guide, who was telling a group of U.S. tourists that

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the Life Guards no longer polished their own boots and breastplates, suddenly found a sword being brandished under his nose by the mounted sentry about whom he was talking. "You are a liar!" boomed the Guardsman—the first Whitehall sentry to speak while on duty in 200 years.

"The honor of the regiment was at stake," pleaded the sentry when he was hauled before his commanding officer, who promptly dismissed the charges of disobeying standing orders because of "extenuating circumstances."

It was the first of several cracks in the iron discipline of the thin red line which never wavered even at Waterloo. Outside Windsor Castle, a venturesome boy who infiltrated the lines of sentry duty found himself smacked over the head with a rifle butt as the Guardsman did a

smart about-face. And a U.S. tourist complained to a London bobby that one of the palace sentries had kicked her.

Worried by the growing hostility between sentries and sightseers, Britain's War Office ordered the Guards to retire behind the eight-foot iron railings of the palace. "The number of people outside the palace is now so great that it has become impossible for sentries to patrol their beats properly," the War Office explained.

But for the Guards, it was a defeat to equal that celebrated occasion when a newly appointed officer, determined to get his men through a crowded London thoroughfare without breaking step, marched them resolutely down the stone steps of what he took to be a subway station—only to find he had invaded the privacy of a rest room for ladies. 

WRONG SIZE!

A GROUP OF THEATRICAL PEOPLE was trying to help a former star who had been persistently unlucky. Knowing that he was too proud to accept money as a gift, they rigged up a bogus raffle. They told him that they would all draw slips from a hat, and that the man who drew the number four would get \$1,000. To make sure the old actor would win, they wrote the number four on every slip.

After drawing, the conspirators glanced at their slips, crumpled them up and waited for their friend to announce that he had the lucky number. But the old fellow never opened his mouth. Finally, unable to bear the suspense, they asked him what number he had drawn from the hat.

He answered glumly, "Six and seven-eighths."

—United Mine Workers Journal

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Florida's fantastic floating islands

by Norman and Madelyn Carlisle

The weird
flotilla of
drifting
landscape on
Orange Lake
stymies
map-makers
and drives
fishermen
crazy

A VISITOR FROM a northern state took his boat into a pleasant inlet of central Florida's Orange Lake, near Gainesville, and settled down for an afternoon of fishing. The fish were biting and the fisherman was busy. It was a couple of hours before he chanced to turn and look around him. When he did, he got a shock that almost made him fall out of the boat. Where was the lake? Instead of open water, he was facing a wall of tropical vegetation.

The bewildered fisherman had happened upon a lake that boasts a baffling aquatic oddity. Moving about on its 16-mile-long crescent are hundreds of strange floating islands, some a few yards across, others covering more than an acre. As described by naturalist Edwin Way Teale, each is "a continent in miniature, freighted with various forms of animal life, plants and bushes and even trees." One of these islands had drifted between the fisherman and the lake.

How can masses of peatlike earth, laden with tons of vegetation, go sailing around in the water?

Scientists are not entirely sure of the explanation. Such buoyant bodies of land are numerous on the Amazon and Congo Rivers, and, in the U.S., are found on the bayous of Louisiana and on other Florida lakes and streams. But nowhere in the country are there so many as on Orange Lake.

This lake, with its wondrous natural rafts, has been amazing visitors ever since the days of the Spanish *conquistadores*. It is the despair of map-makers for its shape can liter-

ally change by the hour, depending on where the fleets of islands happen to be. If a lot of them, propelled by the wind, crowd against one side, the lake's shore line appears to have moved hundreds of feet. At other times, the lake acquires new bays as islands cluster to form temporary peninsulas.

Jimmy Chambers, who has lived all his life beside the lake, still expresses amazement at their antics.

"You never can tell where those crazy islands will go," he says.

One arrived one day at the southern end of the lake, where Jimmy runs the Orange Lake Fishing Camp. After awhile, it started moving north. Over a period of days it sailed majestically uplake for 12 miles, then, as the wind changed, drifted back again, to end up bobbing at its berth by the camp dock.

Fishermen who haven't heard of the nomadic islands are sometimes befuddled. One man recently found the fishing so good by a certain island that he put a flag on it to mark the spot for the next day, double-checking his position by a couple of big cypress trees on the shore. Next day he found his way back to the island, all right, by referring to the trees. But another angler occupied his spot and the flag was gone. Angrily, the first man accused the other of adding insult to injury by snitching the flag.

A grin spread across the second man's face. "So that's your flag. I saw it on an island half mile down the lake."

It took some convincing to make the irate fisherman believe that his

marked island had moved away and been replaced by another one.

Ordinary breezes are capable of moving the islands, but a big blow like Hurricane Donna, of September 1960, completely changes all their positions. Some are casualties, going down like ships at sea. Others break up into smaller units. Still others get temporarily bigger, sometimes reaching several acres in size, as two or more collide and hook together.

The same storms which end the careers of some give birth to others, for the strange process that creates many of the floating islands of Orange Lake is constantly at work.

Look at the giant pads of spatterdock water lily that dot the lake and you're gazing at a sort of buoy marking a potential island. Follow the stem down from the pad, some 12 feet or so to tangled, pipe-like roots, 15 to 25 feet long, imbedded in mud.

When there is any violent disturbance of the water, some roots break loose, tearing others from their moorings. The mass, maybe three to five feet thick, then rises to the surface and another island is born. As yet it has no plants on it, but the warm Florida sun, acting on the rich lake bottom mud carried up with the roots, soon takes care of that.

Many of the islands come into being in another way. Shore-attached plants extending out to form a sort of floating marsh, as much as a mile wide in places, break off in sections and join the squadrons roving the lake.

But what makes the islands float? How can they stay on the surface

of the water when they become loaded with heavier and heavier burdens of plant and animal life?

"A completely satisfactory explanation is yet to be found," says Dr. George Reid, of Florida Presbyterian College, St. Petersburg, a biology professor who has spent months studying the islands.

Scientists have two pretty good theories, however. One says that it's all due to the gas of decomposing vegetation in the soil of the islands, along with the methane in the spatterdock roots. The other holds that the roots of some plants, like those of sawgrass, which flourishes on the islands, are filled with air and gas pockets. The more such plants you get on an island, the more buoyant it becomes.

It can be noted that during the winter, when the vegetation is less luxurious, the islands tend to sink lower, some actually riding with their surfaces below the water. As the season advances and plants flourish, the gardenized rafts rise.

Each island holds an astonishing botanical collection. Great sprawling willows, seven-foot-high elderberry bushes, ten-foot pig weeds, and water maples which have been known to grow to 20 feet, are the largest forms of plant life. Sometimes the trees get too big and sink right through the island, leaving a hole. At times the islands become dazzling flower beds of white spider lilies, yellow golden glow and lavender water hyacinth.

Among the plants lives a menagerie of animals, birds and reptiles. Marsh rabbits, raccoons and water

rats sail about on these mobile homes with newts, mud eels, frogs, turtles, snakes and alligators. Red-winged blackbirds, grackles, water turkeys, gallinules, ibises and egrets flutter above the islands. Beneath and beside them, at least 35 varieties of fish flourish.

Curiously, this natural wonder is comparatively little known. It is not part of any state or national park and only recently have the floating islands even been marked on maps as a tourist attraction.

Sight-seers can get a close look at the islands, thanks to Don McKay, who has built a special boat with a prow which extends out over an island, enabling passengers to look down at it. Bolder souls can get out and do firsthand exploring.

"It's like walking around on a big sponge," says McKay.

Some visitors may get mildly seasick at seeing what looks like solid earth undulating around them. There are air pockets into which the unwary can fall, emerging plastered to the armpits with black mud. McKay is always prepared to give a somewhat surprising demonstration of how an island is constructed by hauling out a crosscut saw and whacking off a piece of one to provide a cutaway view.

People who live along the lake take a whimsical pride in their peculiar islands, but they'll admit that they're problems at times. It's a common experience for a lakeside dweller to wake up in the morning and find several islands completely blocking his access to the lake. If he happens to be in a hurry to get

(continued on page 88)

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— Paul M. Arriola

Consultant on Foreign Languages
Oregon State Department of Education

The films in this new series—available at \$60 each in black-and-white—are:

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UNA FAMILIA DE PETIRROJOS

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JUAN Y SU BURRITO

(A Box of Mexico: Juan and His Donkey)

French

LE VILAIN CANETON (The Ugly Duckling)

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(Autumn Is an Adventure)

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out, he'll attach a cable to a suitable tree and tow one of the invaders out into the lake.

Some years ago, the owner of a fishing camp, hounded by a persistent visitor, finally got tired of towing it away and decided to dynamite it.

What happened made the dynamiter swear off trying to blow up islands. Directly in front of his boat there was a commotion in the water and up popped a huge root mass, a new island. Hastily, he reversed his

engine, only to see another one come up behind the boat. He had barely stopped his motor in time to avoid hitting that one when two more came lurching up beside him.

A couple of hours later, he looked out from his camp. There was the offending floating island, apparently none the worse from the dynamiting, nudging at his dock. His efforts had only succeeded in creating four new wanderers to join the strange flotilla on Florida's lake of the floating islands. 

GOOD QUESTIONS

A LAWYER WHO was trying a case asked the witness, "Now, Mr. Jones, did you or did you not, on the date in question or at any other time previously or subsequently, say or even intimate to the defendant or anyone else, whether friend or acquaintance or in fact a stranger, that the statement imputed to you, whether just or unjust and denied by the plaintiff was a matter of no moment or otherwise? Answer—did you or did you not?"

The witness pondered for a while and then said, "Did I or did I not what?"

—BARBARA WHITE

ONE MORNING I heard our police dog barking furiously. I opened the door and saw our new neighbor's youngest peering over the gate.

"Will your dog bite?" she asked.

"Not if he knows you," I answered.

She stepped back from the gate and said, "My name is Jean Esther Smith, and I'm three years old." Then noting my puzzled expression she added, "Tell your dog, will you, please?"

—MRS. D. M. O'CONNOR

A CLERGYMAN'S calling card reads: "What on earth are you doing for Heaven's sake?"

—ALICE MARSHALL

merry mixups

AFTER GETTING the same wrong number the second time, the caller asked, "Isn't this 8-4808?" only to receive the crisply enunciated reply, "Yes, it isn't."

—*Decatur Illinois Review*

I WAS FLUOROSCOPING a patient in my office. "Now," I said, "I want you to lie flat on your back."

I heard no response or movement from the table. Since the room was blackened out, neither Miss Smith, my nurse, nor I could see the patient. Fearing he might have fainted, I spoke to him again. "Mr. Jones!" I said, "You don't answer. Are you all right?"

"Oh, sure," he replied. "I thought you were talking to the nurse."

—ROBERT B. ENGLE, M.D., *Medical Economics*

AS PART OF THEIR "Know Your City" project, a fifth-grade teacher escorted her pupils to a session of the City Council. The children were interested and attentive. But one youngster seemed puzzled. "Miss Jones," he whispered, "why does that man keep jumping up and saying, 'I'm second in the ocean'?"

—WALTER CHAPIN

WHEN OUR FOUR-YEAR-OLD SON, Christopher, who was sitting at the table eating dinner announced he wished to leave for a moment, I said, "Excuse yourself from the table before you go."

"Excuse me, table," he said politely, and left.

—MRS. CLAYTON L. RIGGS

IT WAS AN important dinner, and the host, giving last-minute instructions, reminded the cook to serve the salad undressed, since he wanted to take care of the dressing himself.

But at the salad course, he was horrified to see the cook, clad only in her slip, come through the door carrying the salad bowl.

"What's the meaning of this?" he asked.

"You said undressed," she retorted, "but this is as far as I go!"

—MRS. ELMER HIERS

THE NEW OFFICE BOY reported promptly at 9 A.M. The boss said, "I'm glad you're in early, James. I want the phone number of Arthur J. Zacharias right away. Look it up in the directory."

Four hours later the boss tapped the lad on the shoulder and said sarcastically, "How are you doing finding that phone number?"

"I'm doing fine," said the boy, "I'm up to the F's already."

—DONALD MURRAY



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Waiting

Standing amid the dunes, the boy awaits the sunrise—and a new day's adventure. For him, waiting is a period of quiet contentment—sheltered in his father's coat and with his own warmth sheltering his dog. But for others, as the following pictures show, waiting can spark a whole tinderbox of emotion—from joy to agony, hope to despair.

text by Ben Merson

A precious moment has arrived, at last, and the father holds out reassuring arms as his son takes the first faltering steps on the road from infancy to childhood.



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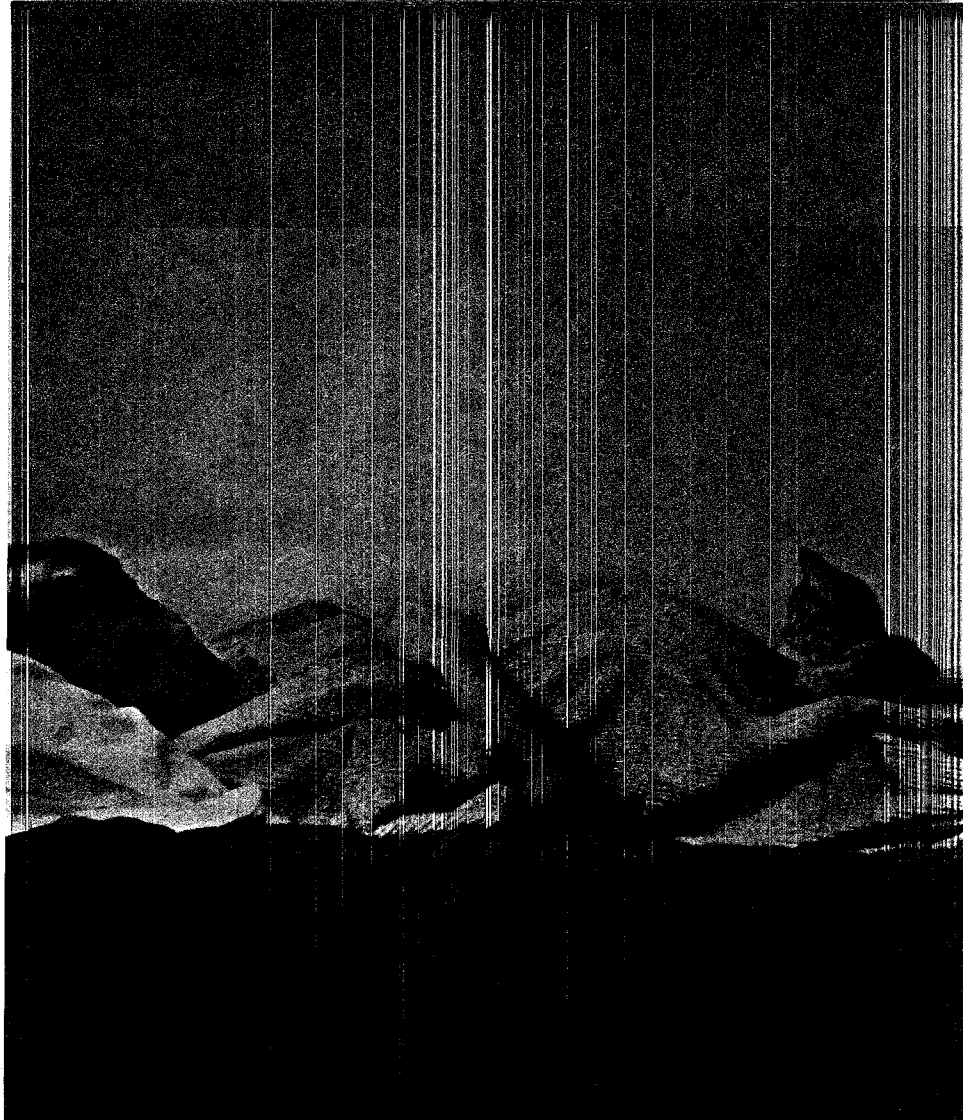
Chill rain soaks the concrete landscape; and beneath their umbrellas the flower vendors stand sodden with gloom. Their plants burgeon. But prospective customers do not.



*In the forest, the interlude between hunger and fulfillment
was a time for cunning or action or stealth. As the captive of man
it is a time for waiting or pleading or playing the fool.*



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*It is an honorable mission to be called to the human
condition and to design here a new world
where the human spirit is free and
the human mind is open to the future.
The world is a place of hope and
the future is a place of hope.*

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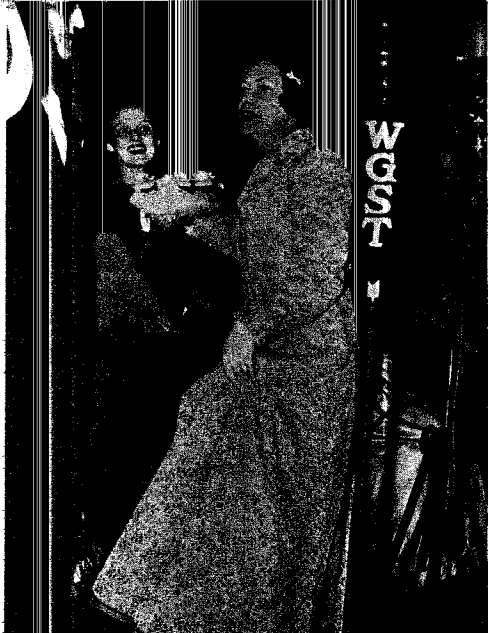
Shy Margaret Mitchell wrote
her novel just to please her husband. But
she hated what it did to her
life—to the very day of her tragic end

The strange story behind



BY ACTOR CORDELL JR.

ONE DAY IN 1926, a four foot, 11 inch, 26-year-old Atlanta housewife named Peggy Marsh, her foot in a cast from an ankle injury, hobbled to her typewriter in the dim little apartment she and her husband John called "The Dump." Slowly, uncertainly, she began to hammer out a 1,037-page novel about the Civil War. Previously, magazines had rejected her short stories, and she had given up on a novel about the Jazz Age, but she knew that another stab at fiction would please John, who had more faith in her writing ability than she had. ■ Ten years later, in 1936, when her book finally was published, Peggy Marsh became well-known to the world by her pen name—Margaret Mitchell—and her novel, *Gone With the Wind*, broke all records by selling 1,376,000 copies in one year. When she died in 1949, The Washington Post said: "If there is any quantitative measure of success in literature, Margaret Mitchell . . . was the greatest author of her generation and perhaps the 20th century." Today, *Gone With the Wind* is printed in 26 languages, with sales totaling 9,839,144 copies. Only Erskine Caldwell's earthy novel, *God's Little Acre*, with over 10,000,000 copies sold, tops it as modern fiction's best seller. And two years ago, when Soviet Premier Khrushchev and his family visited the U.S., Mrs. Khrushchev revealed that she had read *Gone With the Wind* three times. ■ The 1939 movie version of *Gone With the Wind*—quickly abbreviated to GWTW—has been shown in every nation outside the Iron Curtain and, with a gross of \$115,000,000, is the biggest money-maker in film history. To commemorate the 100th anniversary of the War Between the States, Georgia's Civil War Centennial Commission will stage a second "world première" of the movie in Atlanta on March 10. ■ Today, in a small, unpretentious office in the Peachtree Arcade Building in downtown Atlanta, Margaret Baugh, who served as Miss Mitchell's friend and secretary for 16 years, still keeps tabs on the profitable adventures of GWTW's hero and heroine, Rhett Butler and Scarlett O'Hara. Her employer



Margaret worked as a reporter until she hurt her leg in 1926. Then only an event like 1939 premiere of GWTW (right) could lure her out of seclusion.

is Miss Mitchell's brother, attorney Stephens Mitchell, who inherited the rights to GWTW in 1952.

Of all the amazing facets of *Gone With the Wind*, none is more paradoxical than the career of the woman who created it. Fame was something Margaret Mitchell suffered more than she enjoyed. Amid all the wealth that GWTW brought (she left an estate in excess of \$250,000), she and her husband, childless, lived in a modest apartment and gave huge sums to charity. There is still disagreement over what kind of person she really was. Atlantans remember her as a quiet, simply dressed woman—a modern counterpart of Melanie Wilkes, one of

GWTW's ill-fated heroines. But close friends describe her as more of a high-spirited, outspoken Scarlett O'Hara—a comparison she hated. Scarlett, she always said, was more a hussy than a heroine.

What was the real origin of *Gone With the Wind*? Margaret Mitchell referred to a simple incident in her childhood. One afternoon, her mother took her on a buggy ride through the countryside around Atlanta, showing her once-proud plantation homes that still stood in crumbling shame from the Civil War, and others that were symbols of revival and progress. The impression never left her. *Gone With the Wind*, she said, was the story of

Atlanta children decked grave with flowers after Miss Mitchell's death in 1949. Tourists still gape at the headstone, which bears her married name: Marsh.

Georgians who survived, and those who didn't.

Born on November 8, 1900, Margaret Munnerlyn Mitchell was the daughter of attorney Eugene Muse Mitchell and Maybelle Stephens Mitchell. "I chose the Civil War period to write about because I was raised on it," she once said. "As a child, I heard everything about it except that the Confederacy lost." During adolescence, she wrote plays which the neighborhood children would act out in the living room of the Mitchell home. When her brother Steve would criticize her style, she would retort, "The story is all that matters! Any good plot can stand retelling and style doesn't matter." A

tomboy, she hurt her left leg twice during her youth in spills from horses—injuries which later proved to be of tremendous consequence.

When her mother died in 1919, 90-pound Peggy quit Smith College in her sophomore year to keep house for her father and brother. And in 1922, she was married to a North Carolinian named Berrien K. Upshaw. The marriage fell apart after a few months, however, and shortly before Christmas of 1922, Margaret went to work as a \$25-a-week reporter on *The Atlanta Journal Sunday Magazine*.

"Peggy wasn't arresting in appearance," recalls one Atlanta newsman. "You wouldn't notice her in

Clark Gable and unknown
Vivien Leigh portrayed Rhett
Butler and Scarlett
O'Hara in \$4,200,000 movie.



any gathering unless she was in the middle of it—which was often the case—telling some yarn with a lot of animation and drawl. Sometimes she was extremely shy, sometimes very gay; she liked parties and dancing and newspaper people. I guess her biggest dislike was 'big shots'."

In 1924, though brought up as a Catholic, she obtained a divorce from Upshaw, and less than a year later was married to John Marsh. Oddly, Marsh had been best man at her first wedding.

In 1926, Margaret severely sprained an ankle already weakened by her childhood horseback riding accidents. She quit her job and for three years limped around on crutches. At first, she simply read voraciously. Finally, responding to her husband's constant prodding, she went to work on her own novel.

Gone With the Wind was remarkable even in the way it was written. First, she wrote the last chapter—the breakup of Scarlett and Rhett—then any chapter she happened to be in the mood for, placing each in a separate manila envelope. Eventually, the sequences were fitted together like a jigsaw puzzle. The battles and geography of the Civil War were so familiar to her that she generally wrote without research, attired in an old pair of John's trousers and shirt. Often when friends would drop by, they'd catch her hastily tucking typed pages

CORONET

Her pen gave us the most romantic pair of lovers in American fiction

beneath sofa cushions. The manuscript was a private matter, shared only with John, who would read her work critically and try to put himself in the shoes of heroes Ashley Wilkes or Rhett Butler.

By 1930, the manuscript had been put aside, however, and for the next five years, John Marsh recalled, "She worked on it only now and then." But Harold Latham of The Macmillan Co., a publishing firm, heard of her novel when he came to Atlanta in 1935, searching for new writing talent. Astonished when Latham approached her, Margaret told him, "No, I have no novel." The next day, however, her husband persuaded her to bring the manuscript to Latham's hotel. "It's incomplete and unrevised," she said uneasily. "I had no idea of letting you or any publisher see it." The manila envelopes bore coffee stains, scribbled grocery lists and recipes.

After its acceptance by Macmillan, she rewrote her manuscript for six months, filling in gaps that required heavy research and combing every detail for historical accuracy. Seventy rewrites were done on the first chapter and 20 on many others, but when the final draft went to the publisher, it bore no title. Later, Margaret ran across this line in Ernest Dowson's poem, "Cynara": "I have forgot much, Cynara! gone with the wind." That, she decided, was the perfect title.

Strangely, all that remains of the original GWTW manuscript are a few pages in an Atlanta bank vault. It was her great love of privacy, her husband explained, that prompted him to burn the bulk of it soon after her death, preserving the small portion, with rewrites and edited proofs, as perpetual proof of her authorship.

GWTW was, in the main, greeted enthusiastically by the critics. "For sheer readability, it is surpassed by nothing in American literature," said *The New York Times*. "One of the great novels of our time," said the Chicago *Daily News*. Twenty-six days after publication, David O. Selznick paid \$50,000 for the screen rights. (Later, he paid an additional, undisclosed sum.)

The projected movie version of GWTW created a public controversy over who would play the leads. Margaret Mitchell couldn't have cared less. In 1938, she told reporters: "I'll have nothing to do with it! My tastes run to Donald Duck and the four Marx Brothers, none of whom, I believe, could effectively portray Scarlett or Rhett."

GWTW made its screen debut on December 15, 1939, with Vivien Leigh as Scarlett and the late Clark Gable playing Rhett. Miss Leigh, a virtual unknown, was chosen over 1,400 candidates, while Gable had to be talked into taking what since became his favorite role. No movie up to that time ever had cost so much

(\$4,200,000) or run so long (three hours, 42 minutes).

Margaret Mitchell never got a chance to write again, although she wanted to do a play, drawn from her experience, about what fame does to a couple who want to live quietly. Repeatedly, she denied she was afraid to write because nothing could equal GWTW. During World War II, she worked as devotedly for the U.S. as Melanie and Scarlett had for the Confederacy, overcoming stage fright to make speeches at bond rallies, rolling bandages for the Red Cross, serving as an air raid warden and answering letters from war-oppressed readers. She grew so weary of public acclaim that she seldom posed for pictures for fear of being more easily recognized.

In 1948, when GWTW played a return engagement at a neighborhood theater, she and her husband were turned away at the door when the manager refused to admit them because the picture had already started.

On August 11, 1949, she and John—a semi-invalid since a 1945 heart attack—were crossing Peachtree Street in the early evening, bound for a movie theater. Out of the dusk careened a car driven by an off-duty taxi driver. It struck Margaret Mitchell and she died five days later, never fully regaining consciousness. Her husband escaped unhurt but died in 1952.

The characters and locale of GWTW still cause intense curiosity. Years ago, it was believed that, Tara, Scarlett O'Hara's plantation

home, was patterned after a mansion in Clayton County, on the outskirts of Atlanta. "I made Tara up," retorted Miss Mitchell, "just as I made up every character in the book. But nobody will believe me."

Still, tourists come to Georgia in search of some vestige of Scarlett's home. Last year, an Atlanta corporation purchased the GWTW movie set—a Hollywood landmark—and brought it to Georgia, to be used in the construction of a Tara tourist attraction. The State of Georgia also may build a GWTW memorial at Stone Mountain State Park near Atlanta, but neither project is close to fruition.

Publishers have offered as much as \$250,000 for the right to do a sequel to *Gone With the Wind*, resolving the on-and-off romance of Scarlett and Rhett. But Stephens Mitchell will not hear of it. "Scarlett and Rhett must be left the way Margaret left them," he says. "She always said she hadn't the slightest idea of what became of them after their breakup. She wrote what she felt was the only possible ending." However, David O. Selznick contemplates producing a Broadway musical version.

Even in death, Margaret Mitchell could not achieve the privacy she longed for in life. Caretakers at Atlanta's Oakland Cemetery say tourists gawk at her grave almost every day. "They come from practically all parts of the world," says one attendant. "They expect to see a great shrine, and all they find is a simple stone." Which is the way Margaret Mitchell wanted it. 

BY WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.

"I'm sick of MUMBLING"

"Etao-in-shrdlu-squmph . . ."

You can't decipher it?
Neither can this
noted author, whose ears
have been stuffed
by words that come out
like mashed potatoes

I RECENTLY SPENT a day with a college student who had much on his mind to tell me. I in turn was much interested in what he had to say. But after an hour or so I gave up. It wasn't that his thinking was diffuse, or his sentences badly organized. It was simply that you couldn't understand the words. When they reached your ear they sounded as faint as though they had been forced through the wall of a soundproofed room, and as garbled as though they had been fed through

Reprinted from *National Review*

one of those scrambling devices of the Signal Corps. "Somi iggi prufes tometugo seem thaffernun."

"What was that?"

(Trying hard) "So mi IGgi prufes tometugo seem THAaffernun."

(Impatiently): "SO MY ENGLISH PROFESSOR TOLD ME TO GO SEE HIM THAT AFTERNOON." And on with the story. My response became feigned, and I was reduced to harmonizing the expression on my face with the inflection of his rhetoric. It had become not a dialogue but a soliloquy, and the conversation dribbled off.

I remarked on the event later to a friend who works regularly with boys and girls of college age. "Don't you understand?" he said. "Nobody at college today opens his mouth to speak. They all mumble. For one thing, they think it's chic. For another, they haven't got very much to say. That's the real reason why they are called the Silent Generation. Because nobody has the slightest idea what they are saying when they do speak, so they assume they are saying nothing."

It isn't a purely contemporary problem.

I remember when I was growing up, sitting around the dining room table with my brothers and sisters making those animal sounds which are only understood by children of the same age, who communicate primarily through onomatopoeia. One day my father announced that exactly four years had gone by since he had been able to understand a single word uttered by any one of his ten children, and that the indicated solution was to send us all to England

—where they respect the English language and teach you to OPEN YOUR MOUTHS. We put this down as one of Father's periodic aberrations until six weeks later the entire younger half of the family found itself on an ocean liner headed for English boarding schools.

Mumbling was a lifelong complaint of my father, and he demanded of his children, but never got, unconditional surrender. He once wrote to the headmistress of the Ethel Walker School:

"I have intended for some time to write or speak to you about Maureen's speech. She does not speak distinctly and has a tendency, in beginning a sentence, to utter any number of words almost simultaneously. Anything the school can do to improve this condition (the school did not do very much) would be greatly appreciated by us. I have always had a feeling (here Father was really laying it on, for the benefit of his children, all of whom got copies) that there was some physical obstruction that caused this, but doctors say there is not."

Frustrated by the advent of the World War and the necessity of recalling his children from England before they had learned to OPEN THEIR MOUTHS, my father hired an elocution teacher and scheduled two hours of classes every day. She greeted her surly students at the initial class with the announcement that her elocution was so precise, and her breathing technique so highly developed, that anyone sitting in the top row of the balcony at Carnegie Hall could easily hear

her softest whisper uttered onstage. Like a trained chorus we replied—sitting a few feet away—"What did you say? Speak up!" We did not get on. But after a while, I guess we started to OPEN OUR MOUTHS.

No doubt about it, it is a widespread malady—like bad handwriting, only worse, because we cannot carry around a little machine that will do for our voices what a typewriter does for our penmanship. The malady is one part laziness, one part a perverted shyness. Perverted because its inarticulated premise is that it is less obtrusive socially to speak your thoughts so as to require the person whom you are addressing to ask you twice or three times what it was you said. A palpable irrationality.

If you have to ask someone three times what he said and when you finally decipher it you learn that he has just announced that the quality of mercy is not strained, you have a glow of pleasure from the reward of a hardy investigation. So let the Shakespeares among us mumble, if they must.

I do not know what can be done about it, and don't intend to look for deep philosophical reasons why the problem is especially acute now . . . I nevertheless suggest the problem be elevated to the status of a National Concern. Meanwhile, the kindergartens should revive the little round we used to sing—or rather, mumble:

Whether you softly speak
(crescendo) Or whether you
loudly call.

Distinctly! Distinctly speak
Or do not speak at all. 

BY LESTER DAVID

ULCERS...SURPRISING NEW FACTS ...SURPRISING NEW FACTS ABOUT ULCERS... SURPRISING NEW FACTS ABOUT ULCERS... SURPRISING NEW FACTS ABOUT ULCERS...

A disease most popular with high-pressure executives? Eating spices is "poison"? A bland diet is a "must"? Research now casts doubt on these traditional concepts

STUDIES WITH TENS of thousands of patients are now shedding new light on the troublesome ailment of stomach ulcers. The results indicate that we may have to revamp some of our most cherished beliefs about it. Research scientists, for example, are uncovering information that casts doubts on one of the most firmly rooted of all ulcer traditions: that high-pressure business executives get more of them than people on the lower rungs of the ladder. These studies disclose a huge

rise of ulcer incidence among women, and an increase in children as well. The number of women sufferers has spurted an estimated 350 percent in the past two decades.

Other findings:

—There is sometimes a startling connection between ulcer symptoms and the weather. In certain cases, the disease is likely to get worse in November and December. Best months are April and August.

—Ulcers are almost five times more frequently diagnosed in America today than they were a quarter of a century ago.

—Investigators are also re-examining the virtues of the traditional “ulcer diet”—that milk-eggs-cream regime—and coming up with the surprising suggestion that it may not always be the best treatment.

Not the least of the new discoveries are disclosures of how extensive ulcers really are. The 400 percent rise in the past 25 years has just been disclosed by the U.S. Public Health Service, following a two-year study. In the mid-1930s, only three persons in 1,000 had them, compared with 14 today. Right now there are 2,400,000 victims in the U.S., most of them in their peak productive years between 35 and 50. They lose 12,000,000 work days a year. Together with medical expenses, this adds up to an annual national ulcer bill of \$500,000,000.

The Veterans Administration embarked on a large-scale study in September 1960 that will take several years to complete and is expected to come up with recommendations for faster, more frequent cures.

Another study, undertaken five years ago by three British doctors of Central Middlesex Hospital in London, has examined the long-accepted bland diet. The physicians felt that the value of a special diet had never really been proven and was being used largely “for reasons of tradition.”

After a year the doctors sifted their findings and discovered that many patients on the “almost normal” diet healed just as rapidly as those on the time-honored ulcer fare. Also, the number who remained pain-free was just about the same for both groups. In a report (in the British medical journal *Lancet*) that might well turn out to be a Magna Charta for some ulcer sufferers, the doctors wrote:

“The results indicate that dieting with bland foods does not increase the rate of healing of peptic ulcers.”

Spices, according to traditional medical belief, are murder to ulcers. But Drs. Max A. Schneider of Buffalo, New York; Vincent DeLuca Jr. of Derby, Connecticut, and Seymour J. Gray of Boston, Massachusetts, weren't convinced they were that bad. They took a large group of patients, spiced up their food for periods up to five months and watched their reactions.

Black and chili pepper, cloves and mustard seed did bring on varying degrees of distress. However, they discovered that the following spices caused *no* bad effects whatever when eaten with food and did *not* alter the healing time of the ulcers: cinnamon, allspice, mace, thyme, sage, paprika and caraway seed.

Their conclusion, published in the *American Journal of Gastroenterology*: Patients for years have been warned to avoid spices and highly seasoned foods without any real scientific evidence of their supposedly harmful effects. There is an important caution: not all ulcers are alike. Check with your own doctor, who knows your condition.

WHAT ACTUALLY are ulcers? One is the gastric type, which attacks the inside of the stomach lining. The other is the duodenal, occurring in the short tube immediately following the stomach. In these areas, a part of the covering membrane of the inside tissue breaks down, leaving an open sore. Some are microscopically tiny, others are as large as four inches in diameter.

What causes them? Doctors don't know for sure, although most authorities agree that excessive quantities of gastric juices—the potent acids that digest food in the stomach—play an important role. In ulcer sufferers they pour into the stomach, even in the absence of food. Food neutralizes the hydrochloric acid and other corrosive substances in the gastric juice—but without food the membranes become irritated and eventually an ulcer is formed. Patients with duodenal ulcer are known to secrete up to four times as much gastric juice in the empty stomach as normal persons.

What starts these acids flowing is still a medical mystery. But emotional turmoil, doctors believe, causes overactivity of the two key vagus nerves that regulate the flow of

juices from the gastric glands. Doctors also believe improper diet and poor circulation can be culprits.

Ulcers can kill. Occasionally, an ulcer erodes a large blood vessel, causing a hemorrhage that can prove fatal. Or it can weaken the entire wall of the stomach or duodenum and ultimately break through, spilling the stomach contents into the abdominal cavity.

The ulcer death toll is 10,000 a year. Oddly, while the death rate for other diseases of the digestive system has been dipping steadily in the past few decades, ulcer mortality has remained virtually the same. Thirty years ago, the death rate was six for every 100,000 persons in the population—now it has even risen to 6.2. On the other hand, the death rate for other gastric ills has nose-dived from 26 per 100,000 to only 4.5.

One of the more eye-opening findings of the ulcer investigators is the increased number of women victims. In 1937, for example, men were affected ten times more frequently. The ratio has plummeted to three to one throughout the nation. While the men still get more ulcers, women are sick in bed longer with them. They spend an average of 5.8 days in bed with their ulcers but males are bedfast only about five days.

With men, the new studies reveal, the highest incidence occurs in the 35 to 44 group, while women between 45 and 54 are hit hardest. Strange as it sounds, young women between 25 and 34, the hectic child and family rearing years, are relatively ulcer-free. These women are two and a half times less likely to be

stricken than women 20 years older.

Authorities point to woman's emergence into the world outside her home and kitchen. One psychiatrist made this trenchant observation:

"Today's woman is competing actively with men outside her home, while inside she has become a full partner in marriage, sharing the decisions that affect her family's future. She knows far more about nutrition, child psychology and husband-management than her grandmother did, and this additional knowledge increases her anxieties. She wonders constantly if she's doing the right thing. She has not yet come to an understanding with herself about where she really belongs. She may be paying for her independence with ulcers!"

Toss aside another cherished notion—that ulcers are largely an ailment of high-pressure, executive-type people. It just isn't so. Doctors at the York, England, Peptic Ulcer Research Trust made an exhaustive examination of victims in all walks of life and came up with the disclosure that there were *more* ulcers in the lower ranks of business than at the top!

Another British study analyzed 280,000 separate clinical records of over 100 physicians and discovered that on the lowest social level of unskilled laborers, the men's ulcer rate was found to be 116 percent of the national average. On the highest, the rate was only 48 percent.

Doctors found more ulcers among truck drivers and baggage clerks than among professional men and government officials. Dr. William P.

D. Logan, who directed the investigation, pointed out that people in middle-income groups "want just that little extra to keep up with the Joneses." The constant striving, he explained, creates constant stress.

Ulcer researchers are turning up many other fascinating new facts:

Weather has a lot to do with ulcers.

A five-year study at the Philadelphia General Hospital, conducted by Dr. Francis K. Davis Jr., found that marked temperature changes frequently bring on bleeding from duodenal ulcers. The reason: stresses are placed on the body organs as they try to adjust to the sudden temperature variations. Cold causes constriction of the blood vessels and an added strain on the entire heart-blood system.

Other studies reveal that the incidence of ulcer bleeding reaches its peak in October, November and December, when sudden climate changes are most apt to occur.

They run in families.

One British doctor found a striking instance of a duodenal-ulcer family where nine of 13 living children had them. French physicians, after completing a ten-year study of 800 cases in 50 families, report that ulcers are "always a hereditary condition."

Aspirin may be a menace to sufferers.

At the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota, 2,114 patients being treated for arthritis with aspirin-type medications were found to have four times as many ulcers as the other patients. Other doctors have

observed that large amounts of aspirin taken by ulcer sufferers coincided with bleeding. Medical detectives are now seeking the answer.

More children seem to be affected recently.

The York, England, investigation found that the disease was far more common among children than generally supposed. An American study showed a significant number of teenage victims. Psychiatrists believe that the hyperactive lives led by today's children are largely to blame. As one New York authority put it: "Today's youngster gets little time to wind down. He can thus wind up—with an ulcer, just like his dad."

Smoking does not cause them.

Tobacco now gets a clean bill of health. The newest edition of the famous Christopher's *Textbook of Surgery*, used in many medical schools, says: "It appears unlikely on careful analysis of the varied statistics that smoking is an important and direct cause." But smoking can interfere with healing, which is why doctors advise patients to cut down or stop while the lesion is open.

What is the outlook for the patient? Fully 90 percent get along fine on diets, medications, rest—and advice to take things easy. Drugs are employed for two reasons, to neutralize stomach acid and to prevent excess flow of gastric juices. Recently, tranquilizers have proved a major boon to sufferers, keeping them on even emotional keels.

Curiously, psychotherapy seems to do more harm than good, for deep probing can upset the patient so

severely that his ulcer may bleed or perforate.

About ten percent of all ulcer patients need some kind of surgery, and nine out of every ten who go under the knife recover satisfactorily.

There are several types of ulcer operations; the most drastic is used in the case of so-called giant stomach lesions that resist healing and present the added risk of becoming cancerous. In this operation the lower three-fourths, often even five-sixths, of the stomach is cut away and the remaining portion joined to the side of the intestine. The idea is to remove the ulcer completely.

People who have had these operations can sometimes lead full, active lives, even though their digestion suffers somewhat because of the reduced size of the stomach. Another operation puts the vagus nerves out of commission.

When an ulcer bleeds profusely, surgery is often the only recourse. However, a medical team at the University of Minnesota Medical Center has evolved a revolutionary new method of stopping this dangerous bleeding which sometimes avoids surgery. The ulcer patient is given a deflated balloon to swallow. It's attached to one end of a slender plastic tube, which is gently lowered into the gullet until the balloon enters the stomach. At this point, it is blown up.

Now a solution of water and alcohol, refrigerated to about 30 degrees, is pumped through the tube and into the balloon. This cool liquid circulates around the balloon while a second tube, inserted into the

stomach through the nostrils, removes blood and tells the doctors if the hemorrhage is stopping. The technique has already worked successfully on a number of patients.

A British scientist has discovered still another revolutionary way of treating peptic ulcers—with female sex hormones. Dr. S. C. Truelove of the University of Oxford conducted tests over a five-year period with a compound called stilbesterol. His final tabulation: two-thirds of the male patients who took the hormones for six months were found to be completely free of ulcers.

But the men found they became sexually impotent and began developing womanlike breasts. Shortly after stopping the drug, however, the feminizing stopped.

Writing in the *British Medical Journal*, Dr. Truelove predicts that great things lie in store for the sufferers of ulcers if the side effects can be neutralized.

How then, do you prevent ulcers from coming in the first place?

1. Show your feelings! Don't be a strong, silent martyr, who bottles up his emotions.

2. Come to terms with the things and people that rile you. If you find you can't cope with a situation, sidestep it as often as possible.

3. Take your time. Give yourself ample minutes to make appointments, eat, work.

4. Take as much time off as you can. Get enough sleep, enough rest, real vacations. Start winding down from your day's work as soon as you leave the office.

5. Stop eating foods that disagree with you. Give your stomach a break. If certain foods react harshly, stop them. Watch your alcohol consumption.

Take these precautions early and you won't march with the millions who wear the ulcer badge. As for those who do, take heart. Medical science, at long last, is moving up its big guns for an all-out attack. 

SCIENTIFIC REASONING ?

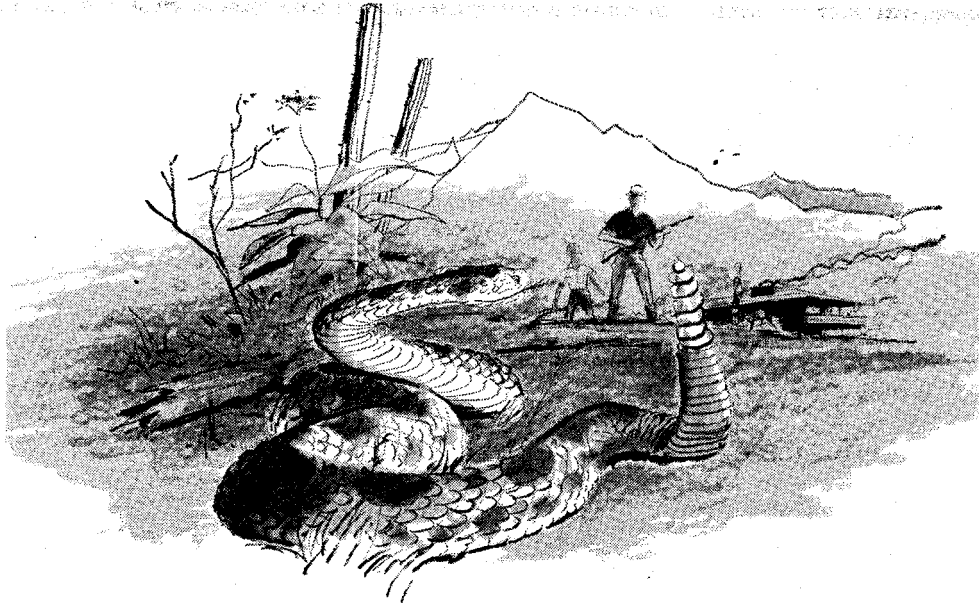
THE LATE SCIENTIST, Albert Einstein, once attended a banquet given in his honor. Mrs. Einstein, ailing with a cold, did not accompany him. It was a formal affair, with the men in white ties and the ladies in décolletage.

When Einstein came home, he found his wife waiting up for him, eager to learn what had taken place. He began to tell her about the famous scientists who had been present, but she cut him short.

"Never mind that," she said. "How were the ladies dressed?"

"I really don't know," replied Einstein. "Above the table, they had nothing on, and under the table I didn't dare look!"

—E. E. EDGAR



BY ARCH OBOLER

“My fanged friends of Santa Monica”

Their reputation is apt to rattle you.

But, insists the author, they are really gentlemen of the wilderness who prefer to live in peace

THE DOGS WERE a yammering circle. Behind them the children stood in wide-eyed tension. I sighted along the barrel of the automatic and wondered why the gun sight kept rising and falling. A half dozen feet in front of me the scaled coils moved. The wedge-shaped head, with its ever-flickering black tongue, lifted higher. The lidless, glistening ebony eyes had not left my own from the first moment. And constantly, above the high nervous barking of the dogs, was that dry-as-bones warning

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rattle of that tail uplifted in vibration beyond the tensed coils. When I had first moved into the Santa Monica Mountains of Southern California, the local experts were full of gratuitous warnings; my family and I were entering an area notorious for earthquakes, mountain lions, tarantulas and rattlesnakes.

As far as cougars and tarantulas were concerned, I met one of each variety within a week of our housewarming. The tarantula turned out to be a fright-wigged clown who fell over all of his many feet trying to get out of my way. The mountain lion, when I met him unexpectedly on a path of our lower meadow, was obviously a great deal more startled than I. I stood still while he gave a mighty leap sideways, twisted in air, and came down running in the opposite direction. The last I saw of him was a long-tailed posterior panicking up the mountainside.

The warning I was least worried about was the one regarding rattlesnakes. As a boy, back in Illinois, with my mother's reluctant approval I had kept a group of local snakes in my bedroom. After the energetic garter and green snakes that I had known, I wasn't going to be intimidated by any relative of theirs, rattle on the tail notwithstanding.

That resolve disappeared now as I actually faced my first rattler. In all of my life I had never seen anything before that so personified evil. This reptile coiled before me was completely unlike those amusing, wiggling pets of my childhood. It was a tentacle of death, as lethal in appearance as the loaded gun which the

older boy had rushed to me at my urgent call a few moments before.

A number of years ago, in Africa, I had looked into the dying eyes of a Thomson's gazelle and had vowed that I would never kill any of God's creatures again, except as an act of self-preservation. But there was no doubt in my mind now, as I sighted along the gun barrel, that this shooting had to be done—quickly. For the protection of all of us, from the humans to the animals, I could not permit this rattling poisoned vial to escape.

"You'd better move back, children," I said. "The bullet might ricochet."

After the children had obeyed, my finger tightened on the trigger. The gun roared and I jumped back as wildly as had that mountain lion. For the snake had struck out a split second before the bullet left the gun. Its lunge had not reached me, but faster than I tell it, it had moved back into its striking position, with that pitted head in a lateral S coil, the glittering eyes regauging the distance for the next attack.

A deep breath to steady my nerves and I aimed again. Always facing me in that readied coil, the snake began to slither backward toward a nearby bush. I fired again. This time the nervous shot was not quite so wide of its mark. The bullet struck somewhere in the thickness of the coils and when the snake lunged forward again, its strike had lost its speed and deadly precision. A second and a third bullet and the snake was dead.

In the next few moments I

learned that the death of a rattlesnake is not a definitive thing. I called out happily to the boys that I'd show them the snake's fangs. With one sweep of a nearby hoe I cut the bullet-punctured head from the riddled body. I bent down, then leaped backward again as that severed head struck in vicious reflex action at my reaching fingers.

THAT EVENING I sat down and wrote a letter to the man who, I had heard, was the outstanding authority on American snakes—the late Dr. Raymond Ditmars, Curator of Reptiles at New York's great Zoological Park. I told him about the five-foot, diamondback rattlesnake that I had killed that afternoon. I explained to him that the reptilian life of the Pacific Coast was new to me, and I asked him if he would tell me frankly how dangerous that type of snake actually was and if there was anything I could do to keep them away from our home.

Naïve as the questions must have appeared to Dr. Ditmars, he hastened to answer me. He wrote that in the area in which I lived there was no method of keeping snakes away from one's door, since field mice, their normal food, were everywhere. The first thing I should do for the protection of my family, the doctor continued, was to purchase, if possible, the antivenin serum. This serum, he said, was a certain antidote if it was administered intravenously immediately after the snake had injected its poison.

As to that poison, Dr. Ditmars went on to say, he had bad news.

The particular rattlesnake which I had described was a most dangerous serpent. True, there were other snakes in Asia and Africa and Australia far smaller in size whose venom, drop for drop, was a great deal more lethal. The small death adder and tiger snakes of Australia, for example, secrete a poison from ten to 20 times more potent than many of our native snakes. But our Western diamondback had such large poison sacs and injected such large quantities of its poison through large fangs, it had to be rated with India's king cobra and the African black mamba as among the most dangerous snakes, from the viewpoint of fatalities, in all the world.

Dr. Ditmars' communication was obviously very shocking to Mrs. Oboler and myself. Fortunately, the good doctor overlooked one pertinent fact which has made possible a continued and pleasant life in our mountain home. I say this in spite of our having met, in the 20 years that have gone by, perhaps 200 of these creeping menaces, with an average of six a year coming very close to the house.

They have ranged in size from three feet in length to one monster double that size with a girth of body as large around as a wrestler's wrist. Late spring through early fall is the time of their appearance; I have learned that they are highly sensitive to heat and cold and can venture forth only within a narrow range of temperatures. As cold-blooded creatures, they have no mechanism within their bodies to adjust to extreme climatic changes.

Further, experience has taught me, our species of Western rattlesnake carries more than just a deadly quantity of poison inside that flat, sinister head. Behind those unblinking eyes rests a most surprising intelligence. Again and again I have seen them make deliberate choices, when danger threatened, which indicated more than a reflex-type escape mechanism. For example, when I am with the dogs and we encounter a rattler, I have yet to see one of the snakes who will pay any attention to the yapping, darting, simulated attacks of the animals. The reptile seems to sense I am the major threat, and invariably those unlidged eyes concentrate on me alone.

The authorities tell me that these snakes have very poor eyesight, operating largely on an infrared receptor. Yet I have never seen one of them move toward a building, on an escape route, rather than away from it, or slither into a *cul-de-sac* among the mountain rocks. Each action appears to have good reason behind it, a weighing of reaction before action.

Whereas other reptiles, from horned "toads" to whip snakes, are camouflage artists, cowards or comedians, the rattlers are all of one temperament—and therein lies the plus characteristic which Dr. Ditmars overlooked. I speak of a quality that is becoming increasingly rare in this time of ours where the "sneak attack" and "war without warning" has become a political and military weapon. My rattlesnakes give fair warning. They try to tell me of their presence in every possible way. When the sensory organ in their

darting tongue tells them I am about, their rattle begins to vibrate with an authority that speaks as loudly and as fairly as a railroad wig-wag signal, the siren of an on-rushing emergency vehicle or the skull and crossbones on a poison bottle.

"I am here!" the rattler says. "I am interfering with you. Please go away. Proceed at your own risk!"

Even if you advance, they give you every opportunity to retreat gracefully by slowly retreating themselves as they rattle their ultimatum.

While some authorities state that snakes are rarely aggressors, many other reptile experts, Dr. Ditmars among them, speak of snake species as prone to attack as an enraged dog.

I met one of these irascible reptiles while on an African safari. We were driving along a dusty road, when suddenly an eight-foot black mamba, as slender as a whip, raced out of the underbrush and struck with its fabulously poisoned fangs at a tire of my slowly passing jeep.

Dr. Ditmars, in his classic book on the poisonous snakes of the world, told of certain species of poisonous snakes held in the calm security of the Reptile House cages, which were so aggressive that the keepers had to be on constant vigilance when putting food into their cages or when treating them for various diseases. The spitting cobra, for example, continued to eject their poison at the exhibition cage glass, whenever the eyes of visitors came within range, in such quantities that it was necessary to clean the glass every few days of its coating of deadly venom.

I have deliberately provoked

many a coiled rattlesnake on my ranch to see what they would do. In every case the snake would strike out, recoil, retreat, strike, recoil and retreat again, over and over until there was no more retreat. And always there was the warning and the opportunity for the opponent to step aside with each retreat. The snake's withdrawal is not a flight in panic. It is an improvised yet carefully executed retreat with honor by a creature who certainly must sense, from the ease with which it deals paralyzing death to its prey, that it possesses superior armaments.

My rattlesnakes are perfectly willing to share the hillsides and the meadows with me as long as I permit them their small share of that world. They are neither aggressors nor

neutralists. But when the time comes when they are driven beyond retreat, that emphatic rattled warning ends and they attack with unbelievable swiftness and effectiveness.

My Santa Monica Mountain rattlesnake is a wilderness gentleman, equipped for fearsome attack, but preferring peace. Although I must, of necessity, continue to kill him on sight, to prevent his accidentally hurting us if we should tread on him before he can rattle his warning, I take his reptilian life with unashamed regret. I stand in awe of the amazing death-dealing equipment nature has given him; I admire his courage, his resourcefulness and his dignity when faced with danger. Above all, I thank him for his fair warning, fairly given. 🐍

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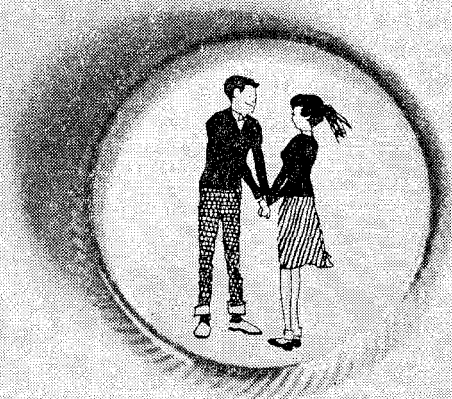
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The tragic trap of teenage marriage



Its tremendous upsurge since World War II
has caused economic misery, emotional damage
and a shocking divorce rate. Here is a frank
look at one of our most serious problems

BY DAVID LANDMAN

MOST OF US THINK that too-early marriage is a custom that used to take place among remote native tribes. But the U. S. has become the early-marryingest country in the Western World. ■ In the U. S. in 1958, 40 percent of the 1,494,000 brides were teenagers. Four hundred thousand were 18 or less. Among the grooms, 190,000 were 19 or younger. Teen marriage is increasing in almost every stratum of American society, though more among high schoolers than among boys who quit school to go to work. In the 15-to-19 age bracket, the percentage of Americans who are married has increased since 1890, with the boom period from 1940 to 1950. If your great-grandmother married at 15, she was an exception. In her day the average age of women at marriage was 22; today it's 20. In 1890 the average age of men at marriage was over 26; today it's 22½. ■ What are the current causes of teen marriage? What are the principal effects? Are they promising or unpromising, good or bad? ■ Prof. Lee G. Burchinal, Iowa State University sociologist, has done extensive research in this field. "For some adolescents," he says, "marriage represents a means of escape from unhappy homes, from unsatisfactory school experiences or from communities which young people don't like. For some, marriage offers an apparently unquestionable source of affection and warmth which is missing from the home environment. There's less to prevent young couples from marrying if they decide it's what they want to do. We've been living in a period of general job prosperity. Wives can supplement their husband's income. Insurance plans help cover baby costs. Prevailing economic conditions have provided a basis for a young couple to make a financial go of married life." ■ There is also the mood of the times, sometimes engendered by the mass entertainment media. "TV, radio, magazines, newspapers and movies have tended to idealize marriage," says Dr. Burchinal. "In many cases marriage has been portrayed as unrealis-

tically attractive to young people.”

The *effects* of marrying young, the experts say, are: educational handicap, economic hazard and unnecessary marital stress. Such pressures can overwhelm the youngsters or sorely test them. They can result in divorce or in unsatisfactory marriages which survive.

“Early marriage is premature imprisonment of young people,” says Margaret Mead, the famous anthropologist. It produces “more discord and less happiness than marriages established by couples in their 20s and 30s,” says Evelyn M. Duvall, consultant with the American Social Health Association, a voluntary agency which seeks to strengthen family life through educational means.

The teenagers’ psychological unreadiness is their greatest single obstacle to a good marriage.

“The kids are just learning to be themselves,” says Dr. Lena Levine, the psychiatrist. “In marriage they must give up part of themselves to the wife or husband. They can’t learn to do both at the same time. Husband and wife have to be able to love maturely. These are not qualifications you can expect to find in most 18- and 19-year-olds. Many times, teenagers marry to defy their parents. They are showing independence, not really choosing the boy or girl; they are expressing only rebelliousness. Then the two rebel against each other.”

If children start coming along the first year, then psychological unreadiness is aggravated. The 18-year-old must not only adjust to her

two new roles of adult and wife, but she must adapt to a third role, that of mother. She must give up part of herself to the baby.

This is too much to ask, Dr. Levine says. “What we are proposing is that our young people start being grownups in childhood.”

Girls mature early. Then, in the late teens, boys catch up and sometimes go far beyond. In growing up, the couple may find wide divergence developing in their personalities.

“It was different with Grandmother,” says Dr. Levine. “She didn’t expect anything, except to stay married and bring up children. Demanding more from marriage, as people do now, they have to give more. Teenage couples cannot.”

Parents, Dr. Levine points out, could exercise authority by withholding consent to the marriage itself. The laws of over two-thirds the states require parental permission before girls under 18 or boys under 21 can marry.

When teenagers marry invariably their educational plans are revised downward. In a world where skill is the key to interesting, high-paying jobs, the teen-marriage system produces the skill-less. Most high-school students who marry do not even finish high school. College boys often must take jobs to help pay for wife and baby and some of them don’t graduate. Girls, who had intended to go to college, instead work to help put their husbands through. Married students who are good enough to take advanced degrees, grab immediate jobs.

National statistics on marriage

and "dropout" have never been compiled, but on the basis of sociologists' studies in New Mexico, Iowa and Illinois, it is estimated that, each year, between 150,000 and 225,000 high-school students marry. Sixty-seven to 80 percent of the girls and 40 percent of the boys leave without graduating. Among the boys, the dropout rate is increasing. This means that, annually, somewhere between 100,000 and 150,000 youngsters give up their chance for further schooling and for any job that requires a diploma.

Undoubtedly, some have had enough of education. But a noted analyst of marriage and divorce says there is statistical evidence that it is not the dropping out that causes early marriage, it is the early marriage that leads to dropout.

College marriages are widespread (22 percent of students at the state universities, 12 percent at private colleges) but there is little to be said for most of them.

College years are supposed to be a time of eager, flaming curiosity, Margaret Mead says. Urgent pressure to settle down is therefore an intellectual handicap, domesticity is a deadweight. "The unsuccessful college marriage leads to divorce," she says. "The ostensibly successful ones are a waste of young, intelligent people who might develop into leaders. Instead, they quickly retire to the suburbs to raise children. They head for premature middle age," says Dr. Mead.

While other young men are seeing Paris on a shoestring, the teenager looks for a three-bedroom house

in Levittown. While others take promising jobs in Alaska, he is already wedded, whelped and whipped. At the ripe old age of 22 he will decide to stick with his company. His wife is no better off. She had the responsibilities of a family before she was legally old enough to drive.

SOME TEEN MARRIAGES turn out well, of course. The two most important factors appear to be *maturity*, which enables the youngsters to deal with themselves and their partners, and *money or economic skill*, which enables them to deal with the pressures outside. Often a third factor is parents, whose understanding and help go beyond the parents' own needs.

Stan and Mary K—— of East Hartford, Connecticut, married in the spring of Mary's senior year of school. Stan, a good diagnostician of the ailments of automobile engines, can handle a set of wrenches with the sureness of a surgeon. Already out of school for two years, he bought a small share of the auto repair shop where he works. Mary finished her schooling, and her secretarial training landed her with one of the insurance companies. The two are enjoying life as young adults, in a style which they have chosen. They accept each other and themselves.

Will A—— is studying law, a long route for a young man to travel alone. In their junior year at Emory University in Atlanta, Will and Betty-Lou decided that theirs could be a mature life-partnership, not just a marathon rock 'n' roll date.

Will's father is staking him to law

school, and has put three years' tuition money in the bank for him, so he won't have to come begging. By working this summer, the two can save enough money to support themselves till Betty-Lou starts her first teaching job. It may be a long haul on short rations. But the teenage A's are heading into the future as adults, with skills and plans and the strength of their love to help them past the rough spots.

Too many other teenage couples do not get the rights and privileges of adults. A survey was made of 60 Iowa girls who married before graduating from high school. (Their average age at marriage was 17; their husbands' was 19 and a half.) Two-thirds of the girls reported they had had to live with in-laws at one time or other. Twenty-nine percent were receiving direct financial aid from parents, and almost half that number had formerly been on the dole—which was not surprising because the couples' income averaged only \$57 per week.

Though parents usually say they want to help their children, some don't do it. Leaving the teen couple dependent for repeated handouts to pay for house, car and schooling, they unman the young husband and demean the girl.

Teenagers' high rate of producing children is almost a guarantee that the couples will be trapped in a tangle of problems. The birth rate among teen mothers has not only almost doubled since 1940, but the age at which the girls had their first baby has gone down. At one hospital in Phoenix, Arizona, last year the

average age of the women having their first baby was only 18.

Most teenage girls don't know enough to be effective modern mothers. They don't know what science has discovered about child care or nutrition or hygiene or psychology. They cannot know—they've cut off education; they haven't had time to learn by observation and experience.

TEEN MARRIAGES, though entered in the name of love, are no guarantee of happiness. The couples where bride and groom were under 20 at the time of the wedding have a divorce rate of 20 percent, the highest of any age group in the country. That's at least two times the divorce rate of couples married in their 20s. An estimated 25,000 to 30,000 babies a year are innocent victims of this teenage divorce.

The strongest argument against teen marriages, therefore, is that they are bad risks. Like three-legged race horses, they *might* work out, but they're never a good bet.

Is anybody doing anything about this trend?

Some high schools are. They are suspending or dismissing students who marry, expelling married girls who become pregnant, discouraging both male and female students from coming back. Possibly the restrictive or punitive rules were intended to curb student marriage, but Dr. Burchinal's researches have shown that the rules have almost no effect on the marriage rate. The most they can do is keep married teenagers from completing their education.

The Catholic Church has begun to throw its weight against the trend. The Protestants will consider the problem when the National Council of Churches convenes its Conference on Church and Family next May.

Iowa Falls, Iowa, shocked by an epidemic of teen pregnancies and marriages five years ago, was ready to establish a curfew, close the juke-box joints, supervise, control and punish. But just as the eager fingers reached for the panic button, Superintendent of Schools Earl R. Cope said: "Wait a minute! This is a challenge for the town, not a case for the woodshed." They started a program of community and parent education instead; they began to work with teenagers before they stumbled or fell into matrimony; they tried to make the best of the lives of those who did take early vows.

One group which is trying to do something about teen marriage is the Home and Family Life Education division of the American Social Health Association, in teachers' colleges, sociology departments and high schools. They promote classes to provide the kind of counseling which parents, doctors, pastors, town fathers and friends-of-the-family formerly provided.

Does talking about marriage, in these courses, push the youngsters off the brink into matrimony? I asked Elizabeth S. Force of the Association. "No," she said, "our experience has been that teaching the responsibilities of marriage encourages teenagers to hold back."

Are we giving the teenagers enough help?

"We're just bailing out the ocean with a spoon. We are touching the problem, but except in rare instances we are not grappling with it."

Meanwhile, the teenagers go right on marrying.

A teen marriage recently developed in the family of one of my friends. Joe J——, almost 20, went out West after his junior year at Syracuse University, for a temporary summer job. He found one at \$100 a week. Then he phoned New York. "I've got great news, Dad! Met a wonderful girl, Marjorie Z——. Sunday we're getting married!"

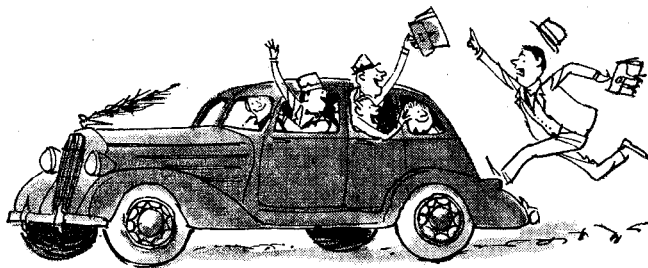
In the next four weeks, Joe and Marjorie must make decisions which will shape the rest of their lives. Will Joe come back to get his engineering degree? Or, since \$100-a-week is more than most junior engineers can make, will he put down a payment on a nice house in Berkeley? Will Marjorie enter college as she planned, or will she settle down? If they go for that degree, will they manage to remain sufficiently unencumbered so that afterward Joe can take a challenging job in India or advanced study at Cal Tech?

The basis for the decisions will most likely be the whims, prejudices and monetary needs of an 18-year-old girl who knows nothing about engineers, economics, employment trends or marital stresses—a girl who may not even know how to prepare dinner for a husband.

It's a terrible burden to put on any teenager. That's why teen marriages so often become young-adult tragedies and why their increase is America's most menacing blight. 🍀

The Car Pool— or

how the commuter hits back



THE UNHAPPY commuter who hates ill-ventilated, tardy trains or buses has a way out. He can join a car pool. Thousands of suburbanites are finding this the cheapest, fastest and most enjoyable way to travel between home and job.

I am one of those thousands. My car pool was born in March 1945, of wartime shortages. Fifteen years later I still happily share a ten-mile ride between my Maryland home and downtown Washington, D. C. Gas and tires have become plentiful, but I cling to my car pool because of its conveniences and savings in money and time. My commuting costs have been \$7,500 less than if I had driven alone. They are about \$1,300 under "express bus" fare, and have saved me a half-hour daily in travel time as against the bus schedule, a total of 2,625 hours saved.

Car pools come in assorted shapes and sizes, such as:

1. *Car Puddles*: This is the nickname for the small two- or three-passenger variety, organized by com-

muters with inadequate car space or fears of larger groups. Mine started off as a two-rider puddle, and expanded as the economic and social advantages of a pool became evident.

2. *Round Robins*: This is a rotating car-and-driver plan, in which each member assumes all responsibilities for operating and parking his own car on assigned days or weeks. In my five-member pool, each car hauls the commuters on the same day each week. Some pools prefer to rotate full-week turns at the wheel.

Pressing affairs may be settled in more serious-minded car pools, but not in mine. It has had as members mostly Washington newsmen, who consider themselves a smart bunch. But one of its early members, Vermont C. Royster, now editor of *The Wall Street Journal*, recalls that the group was characterized by "an unusually high egghead content, but very un-egghead behavior." Another distinguished alumnus, C.B.S. commentator Walter Cronkite, complains that he joined the pool to



glean news tips, but became involved in zany games.

On foggy mornings, our members would fiercely wager as to where the Washington Monument could first be glimpsed. There was the "red-light game," in which the driver won the pot if he never had to stop for a light on his homeward journey. When someone was discovered trying to smuggle liquor home, however, stop lights were desirable—for there we confiscated the contraband.

Ingenuous ways were invented to discipline members. When my own driving was found difficult to bear, a member showed up on my day in a football helmet. The driver of an untidy car was presented with a toy "dirtmobile." Once the pool gave the silent treatment to an unpunctual member. Disciplining was also extended to guest riders. A public relations man cadged about 20 rides without any return. The car pool shamed him into providing food and drink at an expensive restaurant. After he picked up the \$75

tab, he never cadged another ride.

The system was enthusiastically supported by our wives, delighted with having the family car largely at their disposal—and guaranteeing their husbands' return home on time.

3. *Club Cars*: Although the economics of round robins can't be beat, the club-car method of car pooling, in which a group cooperatively owns or rents its commuting vehicle, has its points.

In San Francisco, the Commuter Club Corp. rents Volkswagen Microbuses, seating nine passengers, to a growing number of car pools at \$80 a month, plus five-and-a-half cents per mile. For a while a bar was the glory of one bus. A table for bridge addicts was installed in another.

When the New York Central Railroad discontinued passenger service on its Putnam Division in June 1958, two Yonkers residents came up with a glorified car pool. Insurance executive Jerome Kobre and accountant Robert Feitelson chartered a 41-passenger bus, and

"... a man who has a choice of getting into a good car pool as against poor rail transportation doesn't pay any attention to reports favoring mass transit subsidies. He knows what the answers are. He knows what's good for him."

—ROBERT MOSES, FAMOUS
NEW YORK URBAN PLANNER

filled it with passengers who now make the daily run to Manhattan in about 45 minutes, 30 to 45 minutes less than regular bus and subway service. "It's like a big happy family," says a charter member of the Lincoln Commuters Club, Florence Delluomi. Two members fell in love, married and moved away, but their places were quickly filled from a long waiting list. But New York City authorities are less than in love with the operation. In fact, they have tossed legal roadblocks at it. But until these are resolved, the commuters blithely keep commuting.

In 1940 seven Chevy Chase men living outside Washington informally organized the "Maryland Transportation Society," to "furnish transportation, with entertainment" to the Department of Agriculture in Washington. They rolled to and from work in the "Queen Mary," a 1937 seven-passenger Packard sedan, purchased for \$500. In 1948, they traded it in for the "Queen Elizabeth," another 1937 Packard

which cost \$700. In a typical year in the 1940s, it cost about \$75 a person to carry out this plan, including depreciation, oil, gas and insurance.

The group dislikes incurring extra expense; hence the "Queens" were never washed. Leaks in the old-style wooden tops were patched with burlap and tar; in the summer when the tar melted they looked a mess. The bad mechanical systems worsened and in later stages the "Queens" burned as much oil as gasoline.

A member drew up a formula to explain the workings of the car pool. Known as Wheeler's Law after the name of its inventor, it was: "The sum of car pool intelligence is never equal to that of any one member."

4. *Entrepreneurs*: Sometimes an aggressive car owner may make regular pickups of riders in the neighborhood and charge them a nominal sum to cover parking and gasoline costs. In my area, the round-trip rate is about 50 cents a rider, as opposed to 81 cents by bus.

The driver must be able to prove to the authorities, if necessary, that he is making no profit. Otherwise his vehicle might be in the "public livery or conveyance class," with steep insurance and license fees. If there is no profit, regular automobile liability insurance will afford the usual protection for the car-pool guests of all insured drivers, either of the rotating or pay-the-driver type unless the policy states otherwise. Such coverage has been sustained in court cases.

At Shanks Village, near Orangeburg, New York, after the war, Columbia University took over an old Army post to house its married vet-

WILL A CAR POOL SAVE YOU MONEY?

		ROUND-TRIP MILEAGE			
		10 mi.	20 mi.	30 mi.	40 mi.
1.	Public Transit				
	1 person, round-trip fare	\$.30	\$.40	\$.50	\$1.00
	1 person, round-trip fare	.40	.70	1.00	1.50
	1 person, round-trip fare	.50	1.00	1.50	2.00
2.	Car pool cost @ three-and-a-half cents per mile and free parking				
	1 person in car	\$.70	\$1.40	\$2.10	\$2.80
	5 persons (per person)	.14	.28	.42	.56
3.	Car pool cost @ three-and-a-half cents per mile and 50 cents parking				
	1 person in car	\$1.70	\$2.40	\$3.10	\$3.80
	5 persons (per person)	.34	.48	.62	.76
4.	Car pool cost @ three-and-a-half cents per mile and \$1.50 parking, per rider				
	1 person in car	\$3.70	\$4.40	\$5.10	\$5.80
	5 persons (per person)	.74	.88	1.02	1.16

Economists state that, once a car has been purchased for family use primarily, only out-of-pocket auto costs of about three-and-a-half cents per mile should be assigned to specific trips.

SEVEN CAR POOL DON'TS

1. DON'T join one if you're antisocial, or if public transit is more convenient, cheaper and faster.
2. DON'T take in car pool members who are bores, risky drivers or who have uncomfortable riding facilities.
3. DON'T accept members who are more than one mile or two minutes off the direct route.
4. DON'T allow stops en route except for emergencies. Insist your wife do her own shopping.
5. DON'T allow unpunctual members to upset the routine. Set rigid departure times suiting the majority and take off without tardy members. They'll either learn to conform or quit.
6. DON'T take in new members without unanimous approval.
7. DON'T expect perfection out of human nature or Detroit's machinery. Be reasonably tolerant of others' infirmities, so they can put up with yours.

eran students. Bus service to the University in Manhattan was slow and expensive. So each morning veterans with cars cruised around the village, picked up waiting students, and drove them to Manhattan in half the bus time and at 25 cents a head, about one quarter of the bus fare. The same informal arrangement worked in reverse at night.

5. *Employee Cooperatives:* Industrial car-pooling has never quite recovered from its wartime bad name, when lonely women workers joined pools for companionship. A check around the nation shows, however, that employee ride-sharing is now on the increase in many factories, especially where employers are trying to make the most of limited parking facilities.

The Buffalo Chamber of Commerce reports flourishing "riders' clubs" in some outlying plants. Former director of traffic engineering Edward M. Hall, of San Diego, California, cites the Convair Plant No. 1 program, where choice parking places are set aside exclusively for car poolers. In traffic-choked Los Angeles, traffic manager Sam Taylor takes pleasure in successful ride-sharing at some L.A. factories. Car-pooling is booming at the R.C.A. plant in Camden, New Jersey, where weekly bulletin-board announcements publicize data on rides, riders and share-the-riders wanted. The Pentagon, in Washington, reports

that about 45 percent of its 26,000 workers come by car pool, and ride-sharing is reported extensive in some Government-run enterprises outside Washington, particularly military installations.

Substantial car-pooling seems to be indicated by relatively high commuter-traffic car-occupancy rates in San Francisco, Pittsburgh, Washington and some approaches to New York City. Except at industrial plants, there is not much evidence of commuter car-pooling to the central business districts of Philadelphia, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Chicago and Los Angeles.

Traffic engineers and planners hope that car-pooling will continue to increase in popularity as land space shrinks and public-transit commuter facilities deteriorate. Railroads are expected to continue abandoning unprofitable commuter runs as fast as they are permitted. Many bus companies withhold their best equipment from commuters because they can make more money with new vehicles on routes where patronage is heavy throughout the day.

All this has served to strengthen my belief that car pools will continue to flourish. Personally, I expect to be riding in my own round robin for at least another quarter century, until a space rocket or death takes me to another world.

For either journey, I plan to organize another car pool. 

ANSWERS TO QUIZ ON PAGE 51

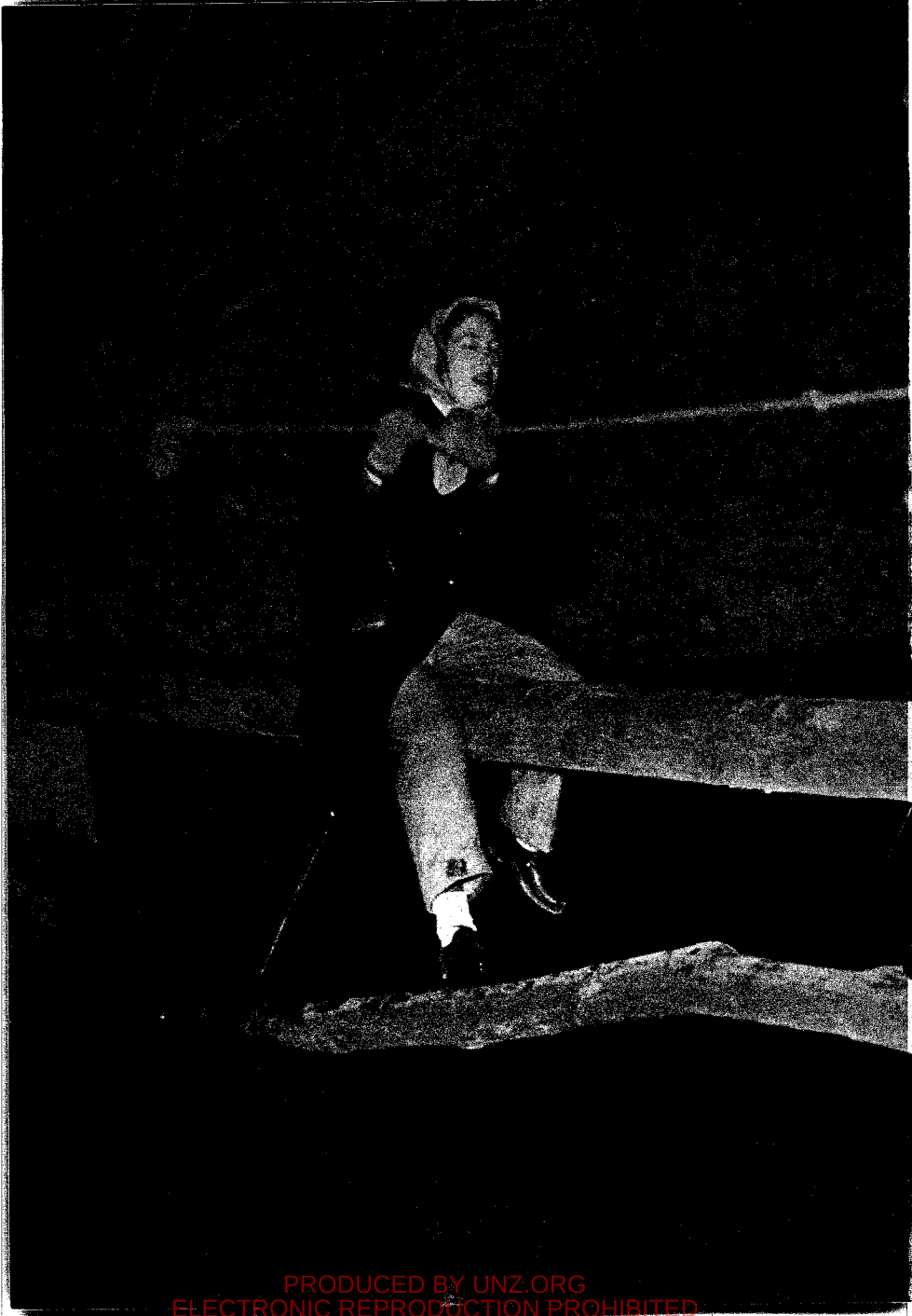
1. Yul Brynner; 2. Winston Churchill; 3. Alexander Woolcott; 4. Abraham Lincoln; 5. Pope Pius XII; 6. John Barrymore; 7. Bernard Baruch; 8. Field Marshal Montgomery; 9. Lady Astor; 10. Oscar Levant; 11. Robert E. Lee; 12. Liberace; 13. Grant Wood; 14. Hedda Hopper; 15. Albert Einstein; 16. Senator Green.

"I roam the edge of freedom"



Blonde Dickey Chapelle, 41, is one of the few women reporters willing to go anywhere and risk anything for a story. Since 1942, when she was America's youngest war correspondent, this divorcee from Milwaukee has covered two wars and four revolutions. Her perilous career included hurtling into Korea with U.S. paratroopers and suffering solitary confinement in a Hungarian Communist jail. Here, in her own words and pictures, are her most exciting adventures along the world's "bayonet borders."

text and photos by Dickey Chapelle



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HUNGARY: A SHAKY BRIDGE TO FREEDOM

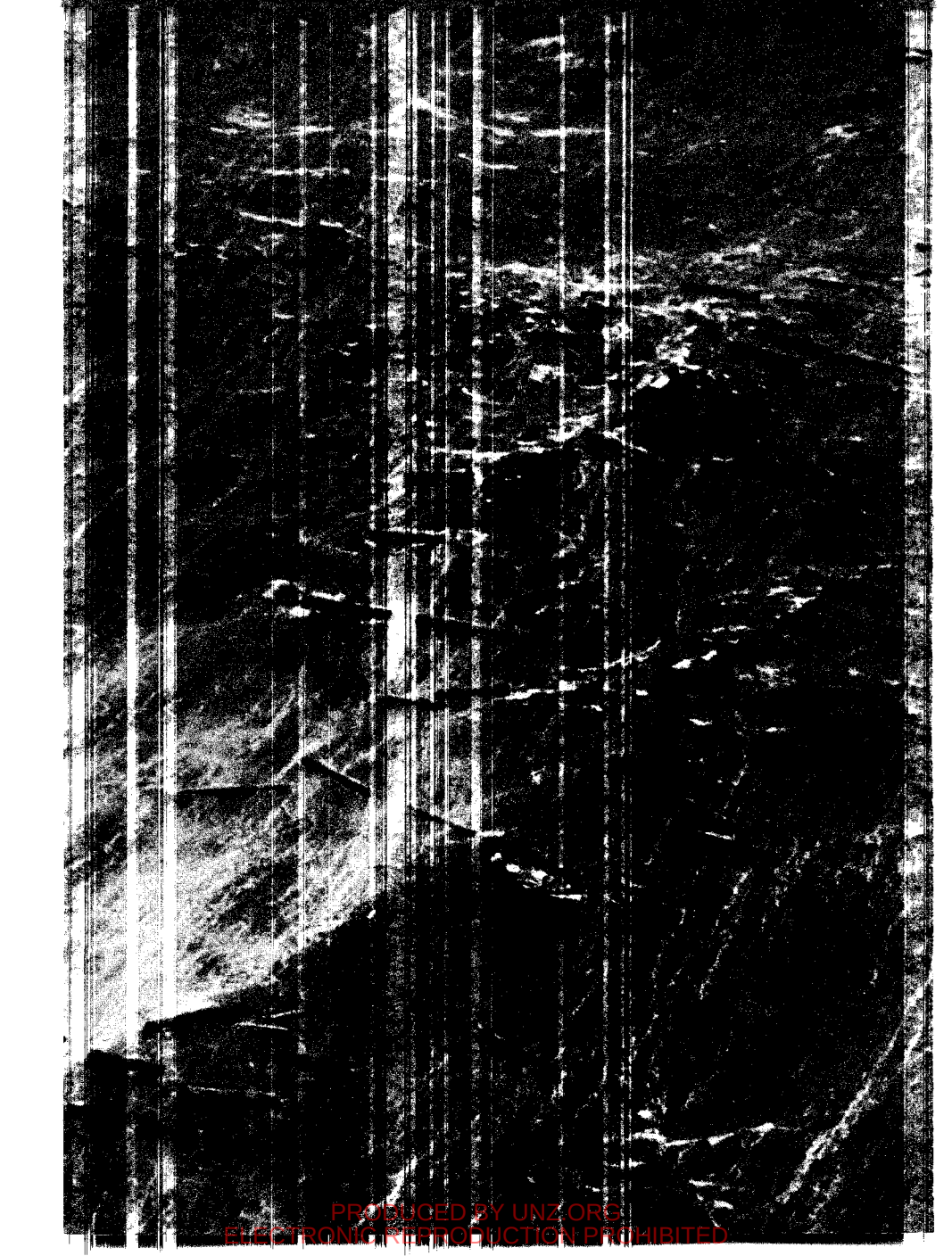
In late November 1956, I photographed this Hungarian woman shinnying across a rope-and-log bridge to safety in Austria. Less than two weeks later, a Communist secret police interrogator waved the picture in my face and shouted, "Why do you spread these lies about the glorious People's Republic of Hungary?" I was then being held incommunicado in the infamous Fő Street AVO Headquarters in Budapest -- forbidden to speak, read, write, sew or exercise. I had been captured by Hungarian border police while recording the heroism of young freedom fighters who, after reaching sanctuary in Austria, were infiltrating back into Hungary to deliver medical supplies. At first the Communists threatened to hang me as an enemy of the state. But after 52 days in prison, 38 of which were spent in solitary confinement, I was convicted of entering Hungary illegally and was released in custody of the American consul. However, I had no idea that such hardships lay ahead of me when I snapped this photo near the Austrian frontier village of Tamsweg. As this woman inched her way over a makeshift bridge, the thermometer registered eight degrees below zero -- and her first sight of the free world was my flash bulb exploding in her face. She thought somebody was shooting at her, and tumbled off the bridge into the icy canal below. I fished her out with profuse apologies, trying to compensate conversationally for the frigid welcome I had given her.

ALGERIA: POET'S FACE, KILLER'S HEART

This handcuffed young Algerian -- a spy for the French -- had the face of a poet and the grace of a ballet dancer. Here, on trial for his life after being caught by the Algerian rebels in August 1957, he calmly told his captors: "I have killed more women and children of our people than I can count." Less than an hour later, he was dead -- executed by a firing squad from the rebels' Scorpion Battalion. Earlier, the boy told me that he had gone to work for the French at the age of 17. He said they had promised him food if he would find out which Algerian towns had sworn allegiance to the rebels. Then after the villages were burned, it was his task to slit the throats of all survivors. For each mission he was given a \$10 bonus. As the trial ended, one of the judges inquired, "Do you ask the mercy of the court?" The handsome spy shook his head no. "I ask only the mercy of Allah," he said. Barefoot, he marched to his own execution site, still graceful and composed. I sensed that he felt obliged to make the job of killing him as easy as possible for his executioners. Professional courtesy, you might call it. As the first American correspondent smuggled in to cover the Algerian conflict from the rebel side, I witnessed many such acts of violence -- by both armies. But somehow, this one symbolizes the tragic way that war twists young lives and yet, at the final moment, gives a man the courage to face death unafraid.



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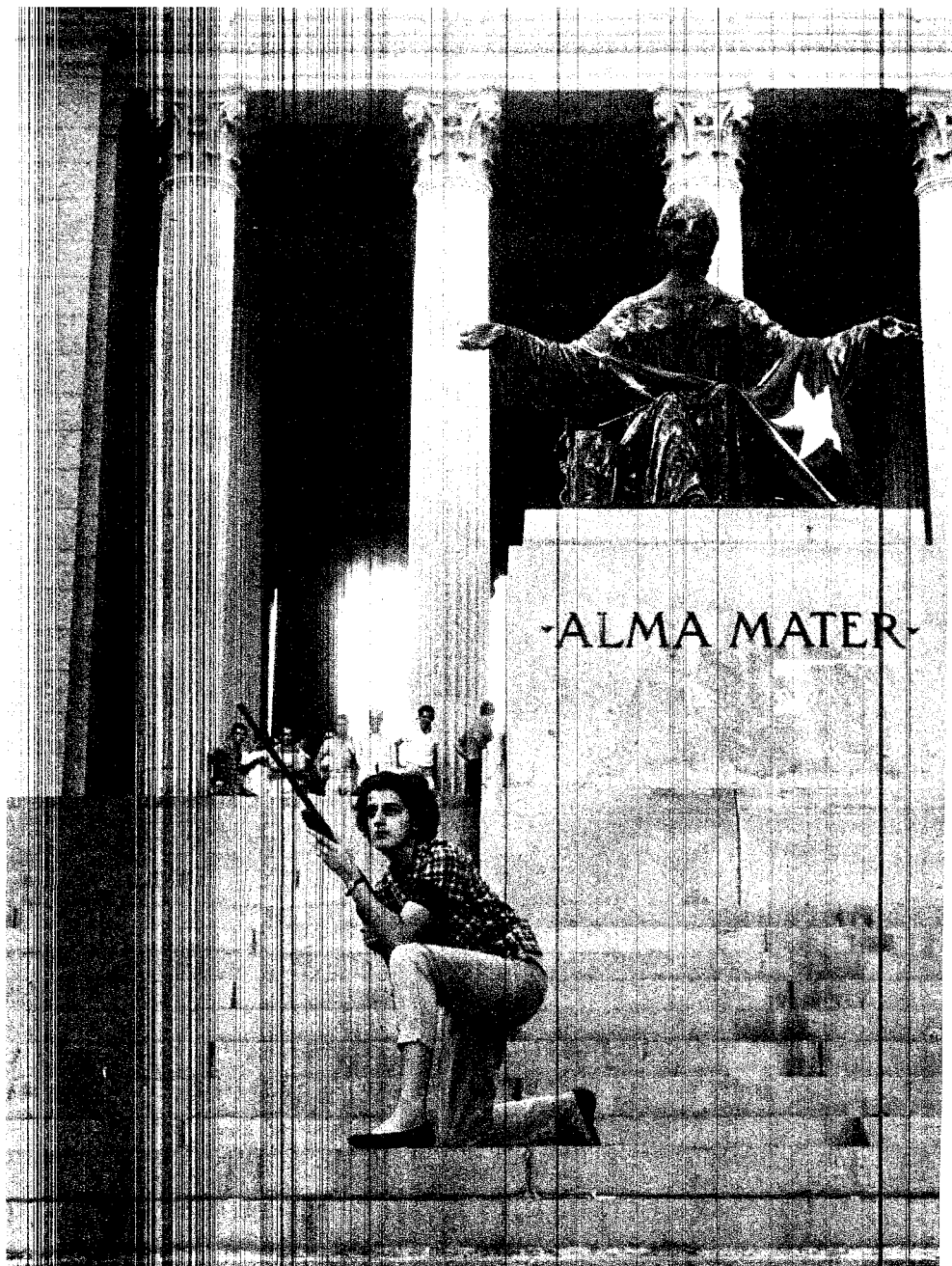
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CHINA SEA: STORMY MERCY MISSION

This is the angry face of a typhoon, as seen by the crew of a U.S. Navy patrol plane droning over the East China Sea on a routine reconnaissance flight. But the bobbing logs are not routine. They are the remains of the Takai Maru, a tiny Japanese freighter, torn apart by the storm only ten minutes before. Our patrol bomber changed course, hoping to save the crew of 23. But there was little we could do in that boiling sea. Later, we learned that a rescue ship had picked up all but three survivors. The Chinese Communists call these reconnaissance missions "provocative"; 11 U.S. planes have been lost in the last ten years on similar flights. Yet in November 1959, when I spent 40 hours aloft with the Navy's Patrol Squadron Four, we twice jeopardized our plane and our lives to save downed fliers and the crews of sinking ships. We charged into typhoons at such low altitudes that ocean spray often forced the pilot to fly blind. And our P2V aircraft are not merely of the same type that reached the Pacific in 1945; they are the same planes! The Navy has never had enough money to buy new ones. So our eyes and ears in this zone of potential crisis are these lumbering old heroines -- hardly worthy of the most powerful nation on earth.

CUBA: THE GIRL ON THE STEPS

I was never more proud to be a woman than when I marched with Fidel Castro's Cuban guerrillas. I saw members of my sex perform breathless deeds of valor -- squirming through enemy roadblocks with ten grenades hooked to their belts and fighting alongside the Fidelista troops, an 11-pound rifle in their unmanicured hands. The grand climax of the Cuban revolution was the liberation of Havana on New Year's Day, 1959. A few days later, I watched a band of teenage students reopen Havana University, which had been brutally shut down by Batista. These youngsters did not belong to Fidel's 26th of July Movement. Their organization, the Directorio, had fought in central Cuba's Escambray hills, and it was thrilling to see them race up the steps of their school, while a lovely young girl stood guard beneath a statue of Alma Mater. I remember other Cuban women, too -- although their subsequent marriage to Communism tinges my feelings toward them. I remember Celia Sanchez, Fidel's constant companion in the Sierra Maestra mountains. Celia could deploy soldiers and mortars like a man, yet she clung to her femininity. She even designed her own field uniform: green twill tapered slacks and a V-necked over-blouse. Another woman in Castro's entourage was M.I.T.-trained Vilma Espin, now the wife of Fidel's brother Raúl. While snipers exchanged shots, she and Raúl would neck in foxholes. Yet I rarely saw Vilma without an automatic rifle, and she practically cooed when Raúl brought her a new, European-made paratrooper's gun with a special folding stock.



ALMA MATER

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QUEMOY: A CHINA MISSIONARY'S LAST STAND

Only four miles from the Chinese mainland, and under pitiless bombardment by Communist guns, the tiny island of Quemoy -- and its neighbor, Matsu -- became a political football during the recent Presidential election. But at least one Westerner is determined to stand fast on Quemoy: Father Joseph Bernard M. Druetto, a Roman Catholic missionary. His church has not ordered Father Druetto to remain; he has committed himself. When I visited the bearded French priest in October 1959, I asked him why he refused to leave the island. Aware that I had been imprisoned by the Reds, he responded with a question: "How did you feel about the Communists when they released you?" I told him: "I intend to spend my life making them sorry they let me go." Father Druetto smiled. "Then surely you understand why I will stay here." Before coming to Quemoy, the priest had spent 18 years in China. When the Communists took power, they jailed him for 20 months, twice condemned him to death, and finally deported him to Hong Kong, a 100-pound bundle of bones. Undaunted, Father Druetto won church permission to found a new mission on Quemoy -- as close to Red China as he could get. When his little ship anchored off the island, the Communists were finishing a 50,000-shell barrage. Fashioning a life preserver from his trousers, he plunged into the sea and swam ashore. Now, when Red projectiles whistle in, Father Druetto coolly tape-records the grim overture. "When we receive more than 1,000 shells an hour," he says, "we will take shelter and pray. For then we will know they are coming."

LEBANON: THE MARINE WHO WOULDN'T SHOOT

In 20 years as a foreign correspondent, I have known many brave men of all nationalities. But perhaps the bravest was a U.S. Marine who didn't fire a shot: Sgt. Bernard M. Hugick (right), of Richfield Springs, New York -- a tough machine-gunner with the Second Battalion, Second Marine Division. I met Sergeant Hugick and his men during the brief invasion of Lebanon in July 1958, and spent 24 tense hours with them in the capital city of Beirut. Their assignment was to guard a boulevard leading into the stronghold of the anti-American rebels. The Marines were under strict and, for them, unprecedented orders: "Don't shoot unless they shoot first." One rash burst could shatter the uneasy truce that existed while both sides negotiated. All night long Sergeant Hugick kept his vigil, hand on the trigger of his .30-caliber machine gun. Then, toward morning, the barrel of his gun became entangled in what looked to be dead telephone wires. But one of them turned out to be a live high voltage wire -- and suddenly Hugick was part of Beirut's electric system. Powerful electric currents surged through his body, but with an incredible display of self-control he kept his finger from convulsing on the trigger and possibly touching off a bloody battle. With his free hand, he disengaged the gun barrel and grinned sweatily. "It wasn't too bad," he said. "It wouldn't have spoiled my aim." Hugick never had reason to fire, and because of men like him not a single Lebanese was killed by American guns. 



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It's elastic,
indestructible,
absorbent—
grows continuously,
has no nerves,
and sprouts in
200 shades . . .

All about hair

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

ASK ANYONE to describe a woman, and almost invariably he will begin by saying, "Well, she's a blonde"—or a brunette or a redhead as the case may be. Hair is one of the most striking features of appearance. Yet, how much do we actually know about our hair?

If you take a hair ten inches long and pull it gently at both ends it will stretch to 12 inches without breaking. Release one end and it snaps back to its original length! Moreover, hair is practically indestructible. Men have dug up Egyptian mummies over 2,000 years old to find mainly dust and a bone or two in the sarcophagus. *But in some cases the hair was still there!*

Another of its miracles is its ab-

sorbency. A woman with a good head of hair could pour half a cup of water into her hair, rubbing it in as she pours, and hardly any of it would go down her neck. The hair would absorb and retain it all.

Most people know that hair protects body openings against dust and disease; scalp hair is decorative as well as protective against physical and radiation trauma. The average human scalp contains between 80,000 and 140,000 individual hairs—close to 1,000 to the square inch. *And no two heads of hair are ever alike.* They differ in color, texture, thickness, length, shape.

There are more than 200 natural shades of human hair from jet blacks, fiery reds and golden blondes to pure, snowy whites—with every conceivable gradation in between.

Despite such color varieties, it is curious that the hair of pure-blooded Negroes is black almost without exception. Hair is almost always as uniformly black among the yellow races, too. Color changes reach their maximum of variations in the soft, flowing hair of the peoples of Europe and America.

Hairs studied in cross-section, under a microscope, show an outer layer of horny cells surrounding pigmented inner layers. Hair cells are formed constantly just above the papilla (a connective tissue structure which contains the blood vessels necessary for the growth of the hair) at the bottom of the follicle. The follicle forms each strand under the scalp. As the new cells grow, they push the hardened "dead" cells up and out the follicle at a rate of

one inch in two-and-a-half months.

One point should startle a good many Americans: ours is by no means the *healthiest* hair in the world. In fact, American hair is rarely used in the making of hair pieces. The finest and strongest comes from the women of middle and southern Europe—especially farm women. They have hair that is wonderfully rich and thick, with a beautiful texture and fine luster. For generations some of these women have let their hair grow for the express purpose of selling it to the American hair-piece business. They sell it by weight and quality at anywhere from \$2 to \$25 per cutting.

An expert on human hair is New York City's former deputy chief medical examiner, Dr. B. Morgan Vance, whose department has helped solve many criminal mysteries through analysis of hair. In cases where bodies are mutilated, crushed or burned beyond all recognition, residual remnants of hair may help to establish sex, color, race, even approximate age.

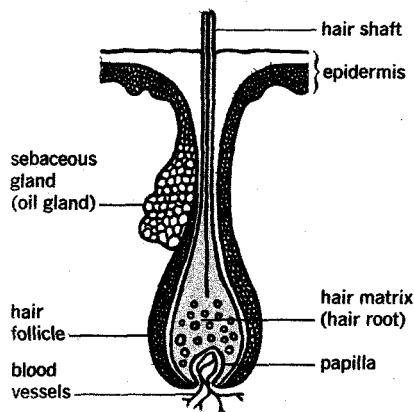
For nature has created clear differences, especially among races. The kinky, black hair of the Negro differs from the straight, black hair of the American Indian, the Chinese or other Asiatics. Neither is at all like the hair of blond Nordics. These and other dissimilarities have enabled the medical examiner's office to make racial identifications.

Hairs are often found in the hands of victims of physical violence. Dr. Milton Helpert, chief medical examiner of New York City, says, "If a suspect in a case of

homicidal assault is apprehended, we compare his scalp hairs with any hairs in the hands of the victim. If they are similar (to the suspect and different from the victim) such similarity would furnish the police with an important clue. But *only* a clue. The results of the hair comparison are usually not sufficient in themselves to establish guilt; for *although hairs from the same scalp may have similarities, differences may exist between hairs in various parts of the same scalp. And hairs from different scalps may be similar, so that mere similarity of hairs does not establish a particular origin.*"

Most people want to know only two things about their hair: how does it affect their appearance—and why do they lose it?

I went to a hospital to see a young woman who awoke one morning



New hair cells formed above the papilla push "dead" hair strand up and out of follicle about 1 inch every 2½ months.

suddenly free of disease. In rising she glanced down at the pillow—and what she saw made her gasp. Her hair lay there in thick, dark clumps. She lifted a wild hand to her scalp. When she stared at her fingers they held more clumps that had come out by the roots.

Within two weeks she was totally bald—the result of scarlet fever—and a sobbing, emotional wreck. It did no good to tell her that every year thousands of others suffer the same kind of shock.

Dr. Ralph Langer, noted New York dermatologist, says of these cases: "Hair can be totally lost as a result of eruptive fevers like typhoid and scarlet, or from inflammatory and infectious disorders like eczema or psoriasis, or from syphilis or tuberculosis and malignant disease of the scalp. Occasionally it is caused by toxic drug ingestion or by nervous shock and emotional tension." Sometimes the hair grows back.

There is, also, the marginal baldness around the sides of the scalp—fairly common among women—that comes from wrong and too-frequent use of hair curlers. Another kind in both men and women is caused by tricotillo mania—the habit of scratching or pulling at a particular spot on the scalp until baldness develops.

And there is congenital baldness—the kind which causes children to grow up with no hair; or, at best, with a sparse fuzz that is abnormal in appearance or hardly visible. Psychiatrists have found that hairless children are often the victims of deep emotional distress because

they feel different from all others.

But normal baldness (and graying) is often hereditary. Dandruff, inflammation of the scalp oil glands or poor circulation feeding the papilla may be contributing causes. No sure cure has ever been endorsed by the medical profession.

In recent years bald people have taken more and more to using hair pieces which used to be called wigs or toupees. Louis Feder, one of the country's leading makers of hair pieces, explains this by saying: "A few years ago you could always recognize a toupee. Most men would rather stay bald than wear one of those obviously artificial wigs. Then our industry began to make hair pieces that no longer *looked* like wigs. You could get any style and any color—crew cut, curly, thick or thin—a faithful reproduction of the hair you used to have or would like to have."

At the same time, the wig industry developed processes and adhesives that made it impossible for hair pieces to slip off the scalp.

Hair grows with amazing speed and continues to grow even when other parts of the body shrivel with age. Like fingernails and toenails, it is without nerves, so that it gives no pain whether you cut it or burn it. And it grows on almost every part of the body except the nails, the lips, the eyeballs, the palms of hands and soles of feet.

Most of us think of hair in only one way—and perhaps that is the ultimate thing that should always be said of hair—that it is nature's gift of beauty. 

Beware "bargain" wrist watches; free
interior decorating; why some wall-to-wall
carpet buckles; truth about
metal storm-&-screen windows, doors

money-wise

WRIST WATCHES: beware of the "bargains"

Wrist watches at hard-to-believe low prices can be found just about everywhere. Selling from \$5 to under \$20, and guaranteed for a year, they look tempting. Be wary, however. It is most unlikely that such "bargains" will give you the kind of accuracy you should get from a watch.

Most of these ultra-cheap watches are of the pin lever type. This means that the escapement, the heart of a watch and the place where friction causes the greatest wear and damage, is not protected by friction-reducing jewels (although it may have jewels at other friction points). These jewels are one index to accuracy. And since

the cheap watch is made less precisely, it generates more friction and wear. Thus, the pin lever watch will usually lose all semblance of accuracy within three to six months of use. It will often run slow one day and fast the next. And since the inaccuracy is the result of *wear* rather than poor adjustment, many repairmen refuse to work on pin lever watches; others will do the work at high prices, guaranteeing results for only three months.

What about the manufacturer's guarantee? It usually covers defective materials and workmanship; but if the manufacturer chooses, he can claim that he does

money-wise

not guarantee the watch against wearing out. This is not to say that the maker won't make good on a watch that goes bad too soon. He may very well take care of it for you. But the guarantee depends to some degree on the manufacturer's desire to please.

The difference in price between the \$5 and the under-\$20 wrist watch usually has nothing to do with the movement, but rather with the kind of case, face, crystal and watch band. Stainless steel or gold plating cost more than chromium plating, a real leather strap is more expensive than a plastic imitation. But these things have nothing to do with the worth of the watch as a timekeeper.

You should be wary of the pin lever watch at any price. Jeweled lever movements, on the other

hand, can and should be expected to give you long, accurate service, even though the watch may be comparatively inexpensive. A jeweled lever watch costing \$40 to \$50 should be able to be regulated to gain or lose no more than one minute a day.

As a timepiece, the moderate-priced, jeweled lever watch is probably your best value. Higher-priced wrist watches, costing \$125 or more, win medals for phenomenal accuracy under laboratory test conditions; but in normal use no watch can be perfectly accurate.

Much of the additional cost of the higher-priced watch comes in such items as solid gold cases, raised gold or diamond numerals, or unimportant extra jewels (synthetic rubies or emeralds) in the movement.

INTERIOR DECORATORS: do they cost more?

It often costs no more to employ a professional decorator to decorate your home than it does to furnish it yourself. The interior decorator makes money by buying furnishings at a discount and reselling them to you at the list price. When decorating a house or large apartment, he usually makes enough in this way (about 20 percent of the furnishing cost) so that he will charge no additional fee for his services. Thus if you are going in for large-scale decorating you can probably get professional

advice and service without paying any more than you would by buying yourself at retail prices.

These services usually include submitting preliminary sketches for your approval; planning an over-all coordinated decorating scheme in line with your own taste and ideas; finding the right furniture, draperies, carpets, pictures, etc., and buying them for you. A decorator may even supervise the painting or papering of your walls.

There are certain types of furnishings, such as antiques or cus-

tom-made, one-of-a-kind furniture pieces, on which the decorator may not get a wholesale discount; on such items, he will charge a fee over the retail price. Also, if he is retained for a relatively small job, such as decorating one or two rooms, the decorator will probably charge a fee. This could run to \$25 an hour for consultation; plus additional fees for sketches or any extensive shopping that may be necessary. If your decorating job is small, your best bet may be to

find a furniture store that offers customers the free services of a consulting decorator.

To get in touch with a qualified interior decorator in your own area, you can write to the National Society of Interior Designers, 157 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y., or the American Institute of Decorators, Inc., 673 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. Either organization will send you the names of some of their members in your part of the country.

WALL-TO-WALL CARPETS: summer is the time

To guard against buckling in wall-to-wall carpeting, have your carpets laid in June, July or August. Although it is usually the cheaper, loosely woven carpeting that buckles most often (this is one good reason to be wary of carpeting at "bargain" prices) any carpet will create the same problem if it absorbs too much moisture from the air. Restretching your carpet may cost about \$1 a yard.

However, if your wall-to-wall carpet is laid on a hot, humid day, it will already have stretched from the absorption of atmospheric moisture, and you will thus minimize the chance of additional stretching and buckling. Drying out of carpets in cooler weather does not seem to present any problem, merely gives you tauter, better-fitted carpets during the fall and winter.

STORM-AND-SCREEN WINDOWS AND DOORS: the truth

When you see an ad for storm windows or doors at a "remarkably low" price, like \$7.95 or \$9.95, watch out. Good quality windows and doors cannot be made to sell at such prices. Although on the decrease, "bait-and-switch" is still a common practice in this business ("bait" you into a store, then

show you that the advertised item is inferior and "switch" you to a high-priced item little better in quality, or a very good but over-priced item).

The least you can expect to pay for an adequate aluminum storm door is \$29.95 to \$35—plus \$10 to \$15 for installation. The minimum

money-wise

range for storm windows of good quality is \$18 to \$24. And you'll have a better chance of getting your money's worth if you buy from a dealer who doesn't use "bait" advertising. Even then, you should be wary of signing any papers until what you have bought has been installed. You should test it immediately, for a certificate of completion must be signed on the day of installation. A reputable dealer will guarantee free parts and service for 90 days.

Here's a guide to the different types of aluminum storm and screen windows and doors:

For double-hung windows, you have a choice among conventional one, two or three-channel storm-and-screen windows, or the "tilt" type. The three-channel type costs about \$5-\$6 more than the two. The two-channel costs \$5-\$6 more than the one. The three-channel and tilt type are self-storing with no need to remove screens or interchange inserts. Medium-priced or "budget" windows are often two-channel, less convenient but satisfactory. You don't have to remove the screens in the winter except for visibility. The new tilt windows are convenient since you can tilt the glass inward for cleaning. But they cost more and need additional weather stripping around each glass insert, or else they may let in drafts and leaks.

For the awning type or sliding windows, there is the "awning" storm window. It lifts up outside,

like an awning, either by hand or by a crank. It is useful for houses that have no roof overhang for it allows ventilation during a storm, but may cost more than conventional storm windows.

Windows and doors are made either of extruded aluminum which is seamless or of rolled aluminum which has a central seam. Good quality windows and doors have gasketing around the glass to prevent drafts.

In well-made storm-and-screen windows the inserts should ride easily. Nylon or stainless steel tracks are frequently used for easy riding. A well-braced window or door remains rigid when you try to bend or twist it with your hands. Be sure you make this test on a *full-size window*, or corner section, not the small sample.

In storm doors, the choice is between conventional and jalousie types. The jalousie louvers may be kept open during rain, but the seal may not be as good as in conventional doors. To check, slip a piece of paper between two of the louvers, clamp them tight, and try to withdraw the paper. If you can't, the seal is good.

One-inch aluminum doors should be satisfactory for heavy use, and even the moderate-priced $\frac{7}{8}$ -inch quality costing \$7 or \$8 less, should give ten to 12 years of satisfactory use. A well-made storm or screen door has at least three full butterfly hinges, preferably with nylon bearings. 

Father Clark's underworld parish

Murderers, heist men,
convicts—all
know they can depend
on the "hoodlum
priest" for advice
and consolation

ONE NIGHT a few months ago a 59-year-old St. Louis priest was awakened by the shrill ring of a telephone.

"Father," growled the voice, "we're going to pull a job."

Father Charles Dismas Clark sat up in his bed. "Fellow," he barked, "who's on it with you?" There was a pause as the query went unanswered. Father Clark fired more questions: "How do you know he won't run? Will he rat on you? Is he jumpy with a gun? Does he

know plate glass? You know there are only six good plate-glass men in the whole country, don't you? Who did you say the guy was?"

Then the voice at the other end spoke up, "Father, mind if we come out and have a talk with you?"

It was not an unusual occurrence to the man they call the "hoodlum priest." Father Clark operates the only permanently established floating non-sectarian parish in the underworld. For over 20 years this sandy-haired, bespectacled priest has worked with murderers, heist men, gangsters and convicts, in a one-man crusade to rehabilitate them.

The priest has sponsored for parole more than 3,000 convicts from most of the state and Federal penitentiaries. At the moment he is signed out for some 800 parolees, men from Jefferson City, Missouri; Joliet in Illinois; Sing Sing, New York; San Quentin, California. He gets them jobs, counsels them, attempts to prevent them from reverting to crime, does all he can to make the road back easier.

The world of the "hoodlum priest" is bordered by the jails, penitentiaries and courts of the nation, a world into which Father Clark tries to bring hope to men who know only despair.

"The squares don't dig it," he says in the idiom of his flock, which never fails to produce a shudder from the uninitiated.

But Father Clark's work is considered so important by the Jesuit Order that the Very Reverend Joseph Fisher, his immediate superior, has allowed the priest to make the

underworld his major assignment.

Even Father Clark's middle name reflects an empathy for the underworld. As the priest explains it: "Every good con has an alias. I chose the name of Dismas, the good thief who died on the cross next to Jesus, and who became the first man to join him in Paradise."

Knowing the language of the underworld is important in other ways. "Cons won't really talk when there's a square around," explains Father Clark. "Some of them won't even talk to a priest unless he is identified with prison work. That's where I come in. I want to be there when the chips are down. Have you ever seen a man's eyes empty of hope? Sure, these men have no religion. But how many of you read your Bible? You've got to offer them something other than platitudes."

A killer holed up in an abandoned warehouse some years ago held a squadron of St. Louis police at bay. He called for Father Clark and while the police waited, tensely clutching their riot guns, the priest entered the dark building. Ten minutes later he walked out with the man, now meek and subdued.

On another occasion he was called to a bar in downtown St. Louis, where a stick-up man was cornered by the police. Father Clark entered, saw the terrified youngster, with gun trembling in his hand, and walked slowly toward him. "Put the gun down, son, no one is going to hurt you."

With a curse the youth slid the gun down the bar. Father Clark led the boy onto the street, where

the police waited with drawn guns. The priest himself snapped the handcuffs on the boy. "Don't worry son, you won't get hurt."

The "hoodlum priest's" chief assets are a deep understanding of the criminal mind and the ability to use applied psychology.

Two young toughs from the slums of East St. Louis once called on Father Clark prior to committing a robbery. After 20 minutes of discussion, one of the hoodlums got to his feet and snarled at his partner, "All right, are you going with me or are you going to sit around jawing with the priest all night?"

The other thug answered with a threat to his partner. Whereupon Father Clark tossed him out and resumed his conversation.

The gentle Jesuit priest tours hundreds of jails, city prisons and state and Federal penitentiaries. He talks to the inmates, advises them on their chances for parole, lends them money, arranges to help their families on the outside and, most important, lets them know he is waiting for them when they get out.

With the penal officials Father Clark discusses prisoner grievances, advises wardens and parole boards as to the merits of individual convicts, suggests improvements within the walls. He is the confidant of judges, lawyers, prosecutors and the accused. But his chief job is as a liaison between society and its ex-convicts. Often he will buttonhole local employers and find jobs for his "boys."

He once scoured the city of St. Louis to locate a wooden leg for

a prisoner who had splintered his stump during an overly active debate in the exercise yard. But, above all, Father Clark is a priest and in that role he officiates at gangland weddings, christenings and funerals.

When an ex-mobster, who had been a member of St. Louis' notorious Cuckoo gang back in Prohibition days, was being buried, Father Clark officiated. As the priest left

the grave he was accompanied by the six surviving members of the defunct gang. "Father," began one of them, gratefully, "we don't know how to thank you for speaking over poor Red. If you need help let us know." To which Father Clark smilingly replied, "When my time comes, boys, maybe you'll be my pallbearers." They nodded solemnly.

Some have regarded Father Clark



"Don't worry, son,"
the priest said as
he slipped handcuffs
on the trembling
stick-up man.
"You won't get hurt."

as a misguided do-gooder. A police official in a large city once accused him of obstructing justice. A former St. Louis district attorney called him a pernicious influence and tried to get him transferred. "I am not a do-gooder and I never preach," answers Father Clark. "I think like a doctor who hates cancer but not the patient. I don't like crime, but I like the criminal. I know what a speck of understanding will do in a dark hour."

As Father Clark explains his theories he will jump abruptly from the argot of the underworld to the incisive phrases of a professional sociologist. "First I blame the Church people who have scouted the problem; therefore they have failed. Next the judiciary for its inadequate systems. Then the universities and teachers for not producing the quality of professional men who can deal with crime. There are few Ph.D. criminologists in the country and only the University of California offers a full-blown course in criminology. I also blame society for its failure to look objectively at the problem of rehabilitation. A crime is usually intended as an answer to an urgent problem. We must find other solutions."

AS ONE OF 13 CHILDREN of a poor Illinois coal miner, Father Clark had no idea he would enter the clergy. Then at the age of 17 he met Father Ben Rodman and was so impressed by the priest's good works among the poor in his Indiana parish that he determined to join the priesthood himself. In 1933, a year after

he was ordained into the Jesuit Order, Father Clark met a young St. Louis judge named David FitzGibbon. The jurist urged Father Clark to come to his court and see for himself the suffering and hopelessness of the offenders brought before his bench. "There is no one to help them," said the judge, "because society just doesn't care."

Father Clark became an habitual visitor to the courts. In a short time he was talking with the accused men and visiting them in jail. "I learned right then that it's not religion they are seeking. I'd see these boys in the jails and give them a pack of cigarettes. This went a lot further than any sermon that I might be tempted to preach."

Father Clark then began an investigation of Missouri's penal system and found that men came out of the prisons far more dangerous to society than when they had entered. Something had to be done to rehabilitate these people. This was a gigantic task because the citizens of St. Louis were afraid of ex-cons. Father Clark found them jobs, was always on hand when the going got rough and his methods slowly attracted nationwide attention.

Tangible rewards and honors, of course, mean nothing to a Jesuit who has taken a vow of poverty. But honors have been bestowed nonetheless. In April 1959 the Teamsters Union cited Father Clark for his "service to the community and the nation in finding an alternate way for the ex-convict other than packing a gun upon release from prison . . ." And a movie based on his life

and called *The Hoodlum Priest* has been completed, with actor Don Murray playing Father Clark.

The Sertoma Club of St. Louis honored Father Clark with the "Service to Mankind" award. The underworld, too, has made various attempts to reward this devoted man. Several years ago a notorious gangster, accompanied by another hood, paid a call on the priest. The mobster looked around the simple room that serves the priest as home.

"Is this the kind of crummy joint you live in, Father?" he demanded. He hooked his finger at the door and his partner jerked it open to reveal a television set. "For you, Father, we're gonna fix this dump up with some curtains and carpeting."

The priest explained that he lived a soldier's life because he was a member of the society of Jesus. "Please," he said, gently expressing his vow of poverty, "never mind. You see I live this way because I want to."

Father Clark's efforts are not always successful. Oftentimes ex-cons cannot resist old behavior patterns and quickly revert to crime. There are any number of backsliders among the men who come from prisons all over the nation to join Father Clark's flock. The priest has no illusions about them. "The lawbreaker is basically a sick man," he contends. "All I can do is play the averages."

However, sometimes a man will make all the effort worthwhile. Last year, an ex-burglar paid a call.

"I been straight a year," the heist man declared desperately, "and look at me. My kids are sick. My mother is sick. I'm flat broke, got no clothes.

I got a Post Office heist lined up. I got to do it. Stick with me Father!"

"I'll stick with you," replied the priest. "I'll send you cigarettes and books. I'll go to the chaplain and see if I can help get you an easy job."

The man's head dropped and Father Clark continued. "Has it really been such a bad year? Sure, it's been tough, but there has been less worry. Hasn't it really been a profitable year?"

For a moment the man said nothing, then he looked unflinchingly at the priest. "I'll do it your way, Father. At least it can't get rougher."

This is the payoff for Father Clark—when an ex-convict sticks to the straight and narrow. In one St. Louis factory alone, the St. Louis Shipbuilding Co., there are more than 200 ex-cons gainfully employed and serving their community as decent, law-abiding citizens. Every one of them was placed by Father Clark.

For many years Father Clark worked for the establishment of a halfway house—a non-sectarian shelter to help ex-convicts make the transition from penitentiary life to free society. The halfway house would provide temporary housing and food until the released prisoners could find employment.

The idea finally caught fire.

In May 1959 the city's Board of Education declared that one of their properties—an 87-year-old school in a slum section—was for sale. The Father Dismas Clark Foundation offered \$40,000 for the old Jefferson School. Father Clark's old friend, Morris Shenker, president of the Foundation, stepped forward with

the \$2,000 earnest money required to accompany the bid. Mr. Shenker also agreed to serve as guarantor in obtaining the loan for the remaining \$38,000.

The nation's first halfway house is now a reality—and thanks to Morris Shenker it is mortgage free. He himself pays the interest on the principal. It has been named "Dismas House."

Teams of physicians and psychologists educated at Washington and St. Louis universities have offered their services to provide the guests of Dismas House with physical and mental examinations, aptitude tests and other related analyses.

The Jesuit Order has promised Father Clark that they will help establish similar rehabilitation homes in other cities if the St. Louis experiment is successful.

Dismas House, which can accommodate 60 men at a time, 400 a year, is far from a plush hotel. "We didn't plan it that way," says Father Clark emphatically. "It's a clean, decent place that the men are not ashamed to come to. We don't want it to be too nice a place because they must have incentive to get out and find their own places after they have drawn one or two pay checks."

Dismas House is a great step forward, but, according to the "hoodlum priest," it is not the complete answer. "Our penal system is wrong. We spend \$22 billion a year for law enforcement and we build far better prisons than schools. But prisons hardly ever reform anyone. Society has built up boycotts against the released prisoner, economic, social and occupational—these boycotts must be liquidated." 🙏

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As stepfather
to three
wise and wary
kids, it
looked as if
the cards
were stacked
against
him. But just
by being
himself he hit
the jackpot
of happiness

BY PAUL HALL

BECOMING A STEPFATHER is like being handed a whip, the traditional kitchen chair and thrown into a cage full of lions. You had better learn a lot in a hurry. The principal difference between the natural father and the stepfather is experience. The natural father's experience grows with that of his children. They start off even. The stepfather is handed the whole bagful of cats to blunder along with. One minute I was a smiling, petrified bachelor standing in front of an elderly Dutch minister and the next minute I was a smiling, petrified husband and father. I was now Lord and Master of a wife, three children and a dog. My wife Nancy's contribution being Robert, Judith and John, ages 11, ten and eight respectively. I supplied Ockie, the

dog, birthday and origins hazy. I was also practically broke, a condition that exists to this day. As the next day was Christmas Eve, after an abbreviated honeymoon, we went to my mother-in-law's to meet formally my new children. Of course we were old friends, but now it was different. They stood lined in a row and gravely surveyed their new acquisition.

"Isn't this nice, children? A new Daddy for Christmas," said my wife.

"I wanted a bike," said Judy.

I was beginning to feel a little bit like a father when we tucked the children in their beds and then prepared to retire ourselves. Suddenly I heard Judy ask her brothers, "Is he going to sleep in the same room as *my* mother?" I felt like an intruder as I closed the bedroom door.



A new Daddy for Christmas?
"I wanted a bike," said Judy.

Slowly we became a family. The children accustomed themselves to my rather nasty early morning disposition, and I, to the fact that the bathroom was rarely ever available when needed. I attempted to skirt this inconvenience by getting up at 3 A.M. only to find my son John reading a comic book. We stepfathers don't have it any easier or different than you regular types.

Before our marriage the kids had called me Uncle Paul. Now they simply dropped the Uncle and called me by my first name. It wasn't very long until every kid in the neighborhood was calling me Paul. Because I wanted my children to love me I joined them in their games, and it became quite common for other youngsters to come knocking at my

door to ask my wife if Paul could come out and play stoop ball. Nancy, acting as a buffer between me and my little friends, would patiently explain that Paul couldn't come out until he had finished his supper.

I wanted the children to call me Pop or Dad or any of the other endearments that fathers take for granted. I realized it was a big thing to ask and I was prepared to wait them out. I felt that they wanted it as much as I. Quite unexpectedly, one bright afternoon I made the grade. I was lying on the couch, half asleep, when I heard Bob tiptoeing into the room with a friend.

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"There," he said, pointing at me, "there is my father."

The friend, after taking a cursory look, turned up his nose and said, "That's not your father. That's only Paul."

"He is, too," replied Bob.

"Aw, no, he isn't."

Leaping up I shouted, "I am too his father!"

The two frightened youngsters fled from the room. By golly, I thought, I am too his father.

So there it was. Without realizing how it happened I had made the transition from ersatz father to the real McCoy.

Not having been a member of the family for too long I left the disciplining to my wife, reasoning that if they were going to hate anyone it might as well be her. To be blunt, I was a coward. I avoided the issue by pretending not to notice when my usually well-mannered youngsters were making like monsters. Nancy protested that it was my duty to exert a firm hand when necessary. She warned me that if I didn't they wouldn't respect me, painting a dreary picture of me as just the guy who supplied the dough. There I was, reluctantly promoted to strong-arm of the family.

I steelled myself for the next crisis with my wife's assurance that she would back me up. I didn't have long to wait. One evening, after dinner, I was informed that Bob had called a neighbor's son a dirty name. Feeling rather sheepish I gave him a couple of vigorous whacks and was faced with a small boy, tears in his eyes, staring at me with a look



"John bought *me* shoes instead of a baseball mitt for himself."

that clearly said, "Who the hell are you to be pounding on my bottom?" Turning to my wife for moral support I saw a tight-lipped stranger whose demeanor indicated that I had some nerve to be hitting *her* child.

She later apologized, promising to try not to hate me too much. A practical woman, she advised me never to hit them in the head. I follow this rule religiously, as they have the hardest heads of any children I have ever met. I expected the children to band together in mutual resentment and was pleasantly surprised the next morning by an enthusiastic greeting. Obviously the word had spread that the Beast was all right if you didn't stir him up.

Since I wasn't even a prosperous bachelor you can imagine what an impoverished father I made. We

were always broke, or so close to it that it didn't make any difference. I soon discovered that my children wore out socks, shoes, underwear and pants faster than I could replace them and that their hair grew faster than any other kids' in the neighborhood.

As it was impossible to keep up with the depreciation, I adopted the *It's Not Your Turn* method. This consists of buying things in order, starting with the eldest and working your way down to the youngest. By the time you get to him the oldest will have worn out something. The method permits the child to gauge just how long he will have to suffer with that itchy pair of pants that he hates. It's a sort of organized pauperization.

Of course, all plans must be flexible and if your daughter just *has* to have a new skirt for her choral debut you simply hold up on the haircuts. You will wind up with the shaggiest boys in town, but the happiness in your daughter's eyes will more than compensate you.

I have heard it argued that children shouldn't be made aware of money problems. It has been my experience that this noble point of view is stoutly defended by people who have loads of the old long green. We try not to make money the most important thing in our lives but the children have learned a healthy respect for the value of a dollar. (So would you if you had ever tried to pry a buck out of me.)

John took the money I had given him to buy a baseball glove and purchased a pair of shoes for me as an

Easter gift. I wonder if any of those fathers who give their children everything have ever received a present as wonderful as my shoes.

Finally I learned to live in a state of continual noise, was resigned to not being rich, became adept at fishing the hairbrush out of the commode where Judy dropped it at least once a week. My family was complete.

About this time my wife started a campaign to increase the family by one, since "every man should have a child of his own." That neither my bank roll nor my nervous system could stand another child did not deter her. While resisting her madness I checked to see that the hospitalization was paid, realizing that Nancy's tenacity and body chemistry would conspire against me. Besides I couldn't have her blabbing all over the neighborhood that I would deny her such a simple request. In due time my wife became pregnant. Immediately I found myself beset with a host of new problems.

I was torn between the desire to be properly appreciative of my wife's efforts and the wish to assure the children that nothing had changed as far as their status was concerned. After all, they were there first. The children were quick to sense their advantage and I found myself making concessions I wouldn't consider under less trying circumstances.

Things deteriorated rapidly. When I caught Bob trying to unscrew John's head my psychology-minded friends explained this was the result of insecurity because of the coming child. I was as concerned as the next one that the children grow up men-

tally healthy, but unless I interceded John wasn't going to make it. Have you any idea how unattractive a headless youngster is?

I put my foot down, insecurity or no insecurity, and it worked. But I must confess I caught Bob measuring me in his mind, as if unconvinced that I was as tough as I looked.

Nancy swelled to medium zeppelin size. I diplomatically assured her that her condition was barely noticeable. She accused me of lying. I continued to lie. Finally the happy day arrived. She informed me that the pains were regular and told me to get the car.

At the hospital they whisked Nancy away and left me to wait in a brownish room. An eternity later Melissa joined the family, and when I saw her for the first time my immediate reaction was, thank God, she hasn't got my nose.

When Nancy and Melissa came home from the hospital I peered into the other children's faces looking for signs of inner resentment toward the newcomer. An interesting by-product occurred. Within a two-week period of intense paternal inspection John confessed to breaking a neighbor's window, Judy to burning a hole in my favorite shirt and Bob admitted that he had not changed his estimate of our neighbor's child. But resentment? No! They loved Melissa from the very first look.

With Melissa's arrival a new prob-

lem presented itself: space. I suggested that we buy bunk beds and stack the kids four high. Nancy's cold reaction convinced me of the impracticality of such a plan.

Nancy wanted a large old house with at least an acre of tree-studded land. It soon became apparent that land with trees is just about as expensive as land with uranium. We compromised. The bank roll being small, we purchased a house to match it; a Cape Cod home on Long Island.

I was envied by my friends. Wasn't I lucky? Weren't my children teenagers? I would have plenty of help keeping our new house in order. Lucky me!

That noise you hear is the combined laughter of thousands of stepfathers who may be reading this article. My stepchildren proved to be like all children—lazy, shiftless, too busy with their friends, baseball, sex, gambling and all the other things that make up the teenager to help keep the old homestead repaired. And am I glad!

Sometimes I am asked if I'd do it all over again. My answer—A Big Fat Yes! If you find a woman as wonderful as my wife, with three children as fine as ours are, marry her quickly before some smart operator who knows a good thing when he sees it beats you to it.

Remember, I have children who love me. They didn't have to, you know. 

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How words work

BY DR. BERGEN EVANS

Author of "A Dictionary of Contemporary American Usage"

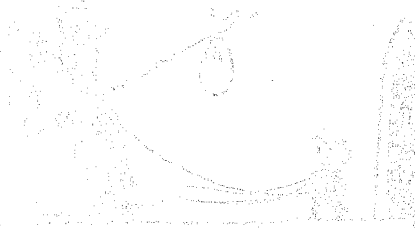
When you "eat humble pie," what do you eat?

The main thing you swallow, of course, is your pride. But this is reading a meaning into the saying that wasn't there at first. It wasn't *humble pie* but *umblepie* and the umbles were the innards, the inferior parts of the deer. At the kill these were usually thrown to the hunting dogs, but sometimes they

were baked into a pie for the huntsmen and the grooms and other lower folk to eat while their betters dined on venison. The modern meaning, there can be no doubt, was strongly affected by the similarity of *umble* and *humble*, especially since the initial h of *humble* was not generally pronounced.

What originally was a *trousseau*?

The word *trousseau* is the French diminutive of *truss* or bundle. It was



the sort of thing that cartoonists represent tramps as carrying tied to a stick over their shoulders. Such burdens have always been a little undignified. A 13th-century homily, in fine alliterative disregard of the double negative, says that noblemen "bear not no packs and don't never go about trussed with trousseaus." Brides today usually have no such reluctance in the matter.

Where is "between wind and water"?

It's that part of a ship's hull which is normally submerged but which is exposed above water as the ship rolls in a heavy sea. In the days of sail a ship struck by a cannon ball above the water line could be repaired but

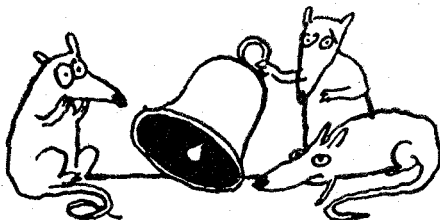
a serious injury from a ball below the line was almost impossible. To be struck "between wind and water" as the ship heeled over was very dangerous. Hence the phrase came to mean "in a vital spot."

Just what is one's "best bib and tucker"?

The word *bib* is related to imbibe; whether it was so called because it was fastened to a child while he was imbibing or because it soaked up all the child didn't imbibe is uncertain. In adult attire, a bib was the upper part of an apron. A tucker was a

piece of linen or lace, often drilled, with which a woman covered her neck and shoulders; children may also have worn them. "Best bib and tucker," once applied seriously to a woman's clothing, is now restricted to a humorous reference to children.

What does it mean to "bell the cat"?



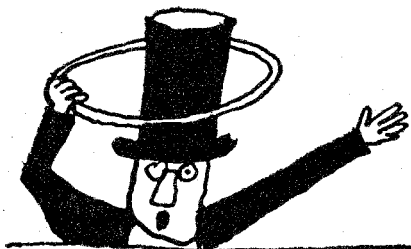
The expression alludes to one of the many fables ascribed to Aesop, though this one first appeared in European literature in *The Vision of Piers Plowman* (written between 1362 and 1399). The fable says the mice met in council to protect themselves, once and for all, from the

cat menace. A mouse suggested that since the cat's attacks were successful because of its stealth it would never catch them if they could hear it coming. The remedy was simple: let a bell be tied around the cat's neck to warn them of her approach. This idea was greeted with applause. Then an old mouse arose and asked who was going to bell the cat? There was a prolonged silence. The story is alluded to today as if its moral were that heroism conquers all difficulties. But our ancestors were no such fools. The moral: It's easy to propose impossible remedies.

Why does a candidate for office say his hat "is in the ring"?

The metaphor is from a custom in the early days of boxing. The champion stood in the ring and challenged all comers; anyone inclined to accept the challenge flung his hat into the ring and leaped in after it. Although he may not have been the first to apply the phrase to a candidacy for the Presidency, Theodore Roosevelt's use of it in the 1912 election tickled the nation's fancy and did much to make it the cliché it now is. "Teddy," a gentleman boxer in his youth, plugged the metaphor for all its pugnacious worth: "My hat's in the

ring," he announced. "The fight is on and I'm stripped to the buff." After the election he was stripped down even a little further; Wilson had taken off a bite of the hide as well.



FEBRUARY, 1961

Enhancing solid
good sense with a light
touch, they've become
the most popular network
news commentators

TV's UNIQUE TANDEM:



HUNTLEY—BRINKLEY

BY HOLLIS ALPERT

AFTER THE two national U.S. political conventions last July, *Variety*, one show business paper, front-paged the results in bold type: KENNEDY-JOHNSON, NIXON-LODGE, HUNTLEY-BRINKLEY. This was *Variety's* irreverent way of pointing up that Chet Huntley and David Brinkley, the National Broadcasting Company's network commentators covering the Republican and Democratic conventions, had captured and captivated well over half the total television audience. For Huntley and Brinkley it was their greatest triumph in a series of telecasts that began when they teamed up for the first time at the Chicago and San Francisco national political conventions in 1956.

■ They have become the most popular network news commentators in the free world (their *Huntley-Brinkley Report*, Mondays through Fridays, 6:45 P.M., Eastern Time, has, according to N.B.C., an average audience of 15,000,000) and also the most quoted. They are quoted sometimes because they make sense out of the news, and sometimes because they make nonsense out of it. Brinkley, in particular, through his wry reporting of news events, has achieved the reputation of a noted wit. ■ Not that either of them is out, necessarily, to cause laughter. But their authoritative, yet offhand way of covering the news seems to be what many Americans want from TV reporters. So, oddly enough, does political Washington. A recent poll of U.S. representatives and Senators showed a preference for Huntley-Brinkley; even though H-B sometimes cause a certain amount of apprehension on Capitol Hill. They are regarded as honest in their reporting and have shown bipartisan willingness to prick political balloons. ■ After going through a day's accumulation of news in Washington, Brinkley once announced to the national television audience: "There's nothing happening in Washington today of any consequence whatever." He also once noted that if the U.S. was not closing the missile gap, we were "at least closing the training manual gap." At the conventions,



Huntley on Brinkley:

"Dave has a knack for accurate, pithy statement. Combine that with the fact he is a serious, talented reporter, and it makes him a remarkably good broadcaster. He appreciates his privacy, and has a great sense of humor. His hackles rise on contact with either phoniness or boorishness."

Brinkley said at one point, "The keynoter's job is to point with pride but to point farther than anyone else, and to view not with alarm but with sheer terror." And: "The platforms will fearlessly commit both parties to favor mother love and the protection of the whooping crane, and to oppose the man-eating shark and the more unpopular forms of sin."

When their partnership was formed in 1956, both Huntley and Brinkley were known, but not famous. In 1956 N.B.C. was searching for personalities who could compete with the Columbia Broadcasting System's Walter Cronkite and Edward R. Murrow.

N.B.C.'s news-gathering service was one of the largest in the world, but its news shows were regarded as bland and unprovocative. William McAndrew, vice president in charge of N.B.C. news, recalled a young chap—David Brinkley—who had been hired as a newscaster back in 1943 at N.B.C.'s Washington affiliate, W.R.C. He also had an eye on Chet Huntley, who had joined N.B.C. in 1955, after some years with C.B.S. and the American Broadcasting Company. Huntley was brought East to do a pilot program for a new Sunday show to be called *Outlook*. Huntley and Brinkley met for the first time early in 1956 when Brinkley came up from Washington to do a spot on *Outlook*.

The names of the two were presented in what Brinkley terms "desperation" to Pat Weaver, then head of programming of N.B.C. They were notified a month before the 1956 conventions that they were to

CORONET

be the anchor men for N.B.C. Their unassuming straightforward commentaries made TV history, as it turned out. N.B.C. learned it had two photogenic reporters who could interpret the news.

Huntley is a slightly graying man of 49, a pipe smoker, a suspenders wearer, twice married, the father of two girls, and a grandfather. Brinkley is tall and lanky, with a boyish face that makes him seem younger than his 40 years. He has distinct appeal for women. Huntley's style of delivery is easygoing but authoritative; Brinkley's, according to Huntley, "could make a simple reading of the dictionary sound pithy."

At the 1960 Republican Convention, Huntley turned to Brinkley before the camera and said: "There has been talk about whether Nixon and Rockefeller like each other. Now I find similar speculation applies to us. This may be something like taking a loyalty oath, David, but for the record, I like you."

Brinkley replied: "I like you, too, Chet . . . if I didn't I could not stand all of this togetherness in this tiny booth all these hours."

Their seeming imprisonment high in the glass booth caused viewers to show their sympathy. Thousands of telegrams arrived bearing good wishes; one viewer even sent them a bag full of pastrami sandwiches. Maine's Governor had a precooked lobster dinner flown in to them.

Although the convention coverage brought them their most fulsome praise and widest recognition, it is their daily quarter-hour news show



Brinkley on Huntley:

"Chet is an honest, dedicated man who means exactly what he says. His sincerity is complete. He and I share a high respect for the news business, and he will never in any way degrade it. We share an area of common purpose and agreement, something that makes it most helpful to work with him."

—the *Huntley-Brinkley Report*, over 155 N.B.C.-affiliated TV stations—that has brought most honors. Huntley handles in addition: an evening network news program called *Time: Present—Chet Huntley Reporting* (Sundays: 5:30 to 6 P.M. Eastern Time); a daily five-minute network radio news report at 3 P.M.; and three brief news comments each week on the N.B.C. network schedule of radio news.

On the *Huntley-Brinkley Report* they work from separate cities. Brinkley handles his share of their 15 televised minutes from a Washington studio, Huntley from New York. They write their own news and feel free to insert opinions. Huntley once felt free to offer some controversial advice to the N.A.A.C.P., then, as now, heavily involved with the integration problem. One Sunday in 1959, on *Chet Huntley Reporting*, he suggested that the N.A.A.C.P. withdraw from the crisis on the grounds that its militant approach was doing more harm than good. His reasoning was that a more moderate approach on both sides of the question would lead to greater progress. The N.A.A.C.P. demanded equal air time for reply, and got it the following week over the nationwide N.B.C.-TV network.

Brinkley has said: "I don't air an opinion until I have one I think is right. I have a lot I know to be wrong."

Neither will appear on quiz shows, and they avoid panel discussions—primarily because of their own workloads. When the quiz show scandals broke, involving their own network,

as well as individuals and firms allied with the network, Huntley immediately reported it as news. No criticism about his handling of the scandals ever came from on high.

Neither will reveal his salary figures, but educated guesses place the amount at \$200,000 a year between them, with Huntley somewhat over the \$100,000 mark and Brinkley somewhat under—the difference due to Huntley's greater workload.

Within the N.B.C. organization Huntley is occasionally referred to as Brinkley's "straight man." He has also been called "Big Brother," while Brinkley is called "Little Brother." Brinkley once described himself as "one half of a hyphen."

He's the tart half. Brinkley described Truman's doings during the '56 Democratic Convention as follows: "Harry Truman came to the convention and endorsed Governor Harriman—like a retired fire horse who still gallops out when the alarm rings and then runs down the street in the wrong direction." Of the oratorical Senator Dirksen at the 1960 Republican Convention, Brinkley said: "When he talks the words come out distinctly like little rubber balloons filled with helium. They just float up to the ceiling."

Huntley is not often as tart as Brinkley. But, in commenting on a sudden mid-season switch of managers between the Detroit Tigers and the Cleveland Indians, Huntley suggested: "The way is now open for cities simply to switch whole teams, and it may eventually come to pass that the teams will stay put and that entire cities will do the switching."

Their senses of humor in no way interfere with their getting at the news. Huntley once got a routine communication from an N.B.C.-affiliated station in Omaha. A local engineer wanted to go on the air and tell about what he regarded as lacks in the missile program. Huntley checked some Washington defense agencies. It was soon clear to him that the Atlas program was lagging. He suggested the engineer write out his grievances. These were broadcast on the Omaha station, and Huntley picked it up as news for the network show. Two days later, the Administration admitted the truth of the charges; this side of the matter was reported by Brinkley.

The H-B method of togetherness works with few complications. Each spends most of the day in his office, Huntley at the R.C.A. Building in Manhattan, Brinkley in the Washington studio, W.R.C. About an hour and three quarters before air time, the network brings them together via telephone. They check out their news items with each other.

While they are excellent friends, they seldom see each other in person, mainly because neither gets to the other's city often. Brinkley is more likely to pay a day's visit to New York. During such visits, the two men may get together for lunch. If David has his wife with him, the Brinkleys will usually receive a dinner invitation to the Huntleys' New York apartment.

Huntley met his present wife through Brinkley. The two men were greeting each other a few years ago prior to the daily news broadcast

over the closed TV circuit when a young woman's face came over the screen from Washington.

"Meet Tippy," David's voice said to Chet. Chet said hello, and after David's face had replaced Tippy's on the screen, he asked: "Who was that girl?"

"Tippy Stringer," David said. "She's our weather girl here."

The next time Huntley was in Washington, Brinkley introduced him to Tippy in person. They were married within a few months. Tippy retired (in 1958) from her Washington weather broadcasting to live with her husband in a New York East Side brownstone apartment of six rooms. Aside from their distinctly low-fi record player and color TV set, the furnishings are predominantly Traditional.

Brinkley also married within his field. His wife, Ann, was once a reporter for the United Press. Some 12 years ago she came to W.R.C. looking for a job, and was hired to work for Brinkley. "Shortly afterward," Brinkley recalls, "I married her and fired her." They now have three sons, ages five, eight and 11.

The Brinkleys own their 12-room house in Potomac, Maryland, in, according to Brinkley, "what passes for an exurb. I drive into Washington whenever I manage to get up." He is seldom in his office later than 10 A.M., even if he does have trouble getting up. Unlike Huntley, he is a mild enthusiast about hi-fi equipment, and occasionally tinkers in a workshop basement. His house, built two years ago, incorporates his and Ann's ideas of roominess and

modernity. Their sense of the past is maintained by their view of the old tow path alongside the Potomac.

George Washington had something to do with the laying out of the tow path. "He was about the busiest man we ever had in this country," Brinkley said, "busier than Presidential candidates out getting votes. He was everywhere. He may yet turn out to be an American hero."

Brinkley, born in Wilmington, North Carolina in 1920, has stayed in the South throughout his career. Huntley, though, has gone far afield from his birthplace, Cardwell, Montana. While in Seattle in 1932, at the University of Washington, he devoted his spare time to a local radio station. Radio news was still in its infancy. Huntley got permission to write and broadcast three news summaries a day. He thus became something of a pioneer. In 1939 he was hired by C.B.S. He covered the founding of the United Nations at San Francisco in 1945 and moved on to A.B.C. in 1951. He covered the Bandung Conference and trekked through Asia and the Middle East before coming home. In 1955, when Huntley accepted an offer from N.B.C., he was an accomplished speaker, reporter and news analyst.

Brinkley's star was meanwhile slowly rising in the East. He did spare-time work for newspapers while attending the University of North Carolina and Vanderbilt University. When he got a job offer from the United Press, he decided steady employment was more important than a college degree.

Brinkley came to N.B.C. as a

news writer for W.R.C. in 1943. He went on the air by volunteering to fill a radio news spot at 5 A.M. When TV became a fact after the war he quickly saw its news possibilities. "I tried a local newsreel for W.R.C.-TV. It was pretty bad, but it turned out to be the first newsreel filmed directly for TV, and it was a novelty. By the time I was 35, I was one of the grand old men of TV news broadcasting."

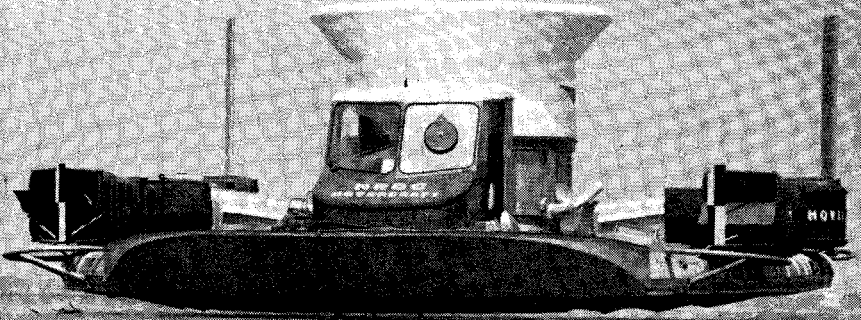
Huntley often travels abroad, where news is in the making. What he sees and learns is reflected in his *Chet Huntley Reporting*.

Brinkley, while he will occasionally rouse himself to do some traveling, stays closer to Washington. In 1959, however, he managed to do a special hour-length program called *Our Man in the Mediterranean*. For all its casual, almost spontaneous air, it gave a comprehensive view of the political situations in that area. Although it won rave reviews, Brinkley has been known to grumble at the prospect of new programs.

"I feel like a squeezed lemon all the time as it is," he said recently. But N.B.C. is squeezing him drier. He is scheduled with Huntley for a series called *N.B.C. White Paper*, described by the network as "a series of actuality reports which will attempt to air controversial subjects, such as the U-2 incident, and the question of censorship."

It is a fair guess, therefore, that in spite of Brinkley's professed indolence, he will soon be doing as many shows as his energetic partner, and if past performance is any guide, doing them well. 

Flying sedan of the future



With one model already proved successful, "king-sized" versions will ultimately carry greater loads than any plane and, without wings or wheels, skim over land or water at 140 mph—on a cushion of air.

VACATIONING BRITONS, sunning themselves on a south coast beach one June day in 1959, were jarred suddenly out of their mood of holiday calm. Skimming in from the sea, hemmed in by a halo of spray, was a weird contraption without wings or rotor, hovering just clear of the waves. "Lumme—a flying saucer!" one startled Cockney gasped. Though it wasn't a flying saucer, it was nearly as fantastic—a working model of man's next big step forward in the changing pattern of this scientific age. For several years, scientists in the U.S. and Britain had been striving to discover an entirely new form of transportation, a craft needing neither wheels nor wings and able to flit from

place to place without roads or rails. The experimental "saucer" seen at Cowes, England, on June 11, 1959 was the first indication that the answers are at hand.

This was the first appearance of the Saunders-Roe hovercraft, brain child of a balding, 51-year-old inventor named Christopher Cockerell. It gave Britain a boost in the race to take trucks off the roads and put them in the air, lift boats out of the water and set them on top of the waves. One month earlier, U.S. engineers had come up with a somewhat similar device, the Curtiss-Wright air car.

The air car was produced merely for experimental purposes. Officials speculated that if some day it were marketed it would sell for \$12,000 to \$15,000 (with a smaller version available at perhaps \$6,000); it had no gears or blowouts—because it had no tires. A four-seat experimental model was demonstrated in New York in November 1959.

Britain's hovercraft is operated by giant fans which suck in air, compress it and then force it out underneath to create an air curtain. This curtain contains a pressurized air cushion which supports the craft above the ground. The hovercraft moves on this bubble of air, held in place by the outer air curtain, just as the air in an ordinary tire is held firm by the rubber cover. Both curtain and bubble are generated by the same fan—the bubble under the machine, the curtain by jetting air out through slots around the sides.

Once the hovercraft is clear of the ground it is propelled forward by a

small jet engine. Steering is controlled by twin fins at the rear. If the power unit fails, the craft simply sinks as its air bubble oozes away. The time it takes for the bubble to disappear greatly reduces the landing impact. Commercial hovercraft will have multi-power units so that descent will not be rapid.

The hovercraft will carry bigger payloads than any airplane, cross the sea at several times the speed of the fastest ship and set its loads down in territory not even an army tank could negotiate.

The prototype, which measures 34 feet from stem to stern, has lifted a payload equal to its own four-ton weight. And the power unit does not have to be stepped up in direct proportion to any increase in the size of the craft. Engineers calculate that king-sized hovercraft weighing 100 tons will need only one-quarter the engine power of a conventional aircraft of the same size—and still carry twice the payload.

Since the prototype passed its tests with flying colors (including a successful 22-mile crossing of the English Channel), designers and engineers have begun work on the full-scale versions which may appear in service as early as 1963. Four different types are planned: one to operate over desert and tundra, another for freighting over snow and ice, a third for ferry work on otherwise unnavigable rivers and a fourth for service in coastal waters.

"The beauty of these hovercraft is that they won't need long runways or elaborate harbor facilities before they operate," enthuses Dennis Hen-

nessey, deputy director of Britain's National Research Development Corp., which is backing the project. The four different types will vary between 40 and 100 tons in weight and have a speed of around 80-120 miles per hour. The smallest will measure about 100 feet from stem to stern and be able to lift 80 passengers or several automobiles.

To look at, the experimental hovercraft is like an elliptical discus, with a cup on top. Forward of the "cup" housing the engine and fan is the cockpit. To the rear are the vertical steering fins.

Over water, the down-draft produces considerable spray. But over land, it can hardly be felt by people standing even a few feet away.

There are still bugs to be ironed out. The prototype can be pushed off-course by a stiff wind as easily as a sailboat. Engineers are working on a power unit with a side thrust to counteract this. The present 435 horsepower helicopter engine consumes fuel at the rate of 45 gallons an hour. Future plans aim at cutting this by at least half.

Anyone who can drive an automobile can learn to handle the hovercraft. It has only three main controls: an aircraft-type joystick for forward and backward motion, another joystick for going sideways, and a foot-operated rudder bar for turning. Though noisy, it has no more vibration than a jet-liner.

Christopher Cockerell's conception of the hovercraft was the result of years of theoretical study. A radio and radar engineer with a passion for small boats, Cockerell had long

dreamed of building a boat that could fly. Watching his wife at work with a vacuum cleaner as it sucked in dirt at one end and blew air out the other, he pondered the possibility of a boat with a sort of giant vacuum cleaner in place of the conventional power unit—a blower generating a blast sufficiently powerful to form an air cushion.

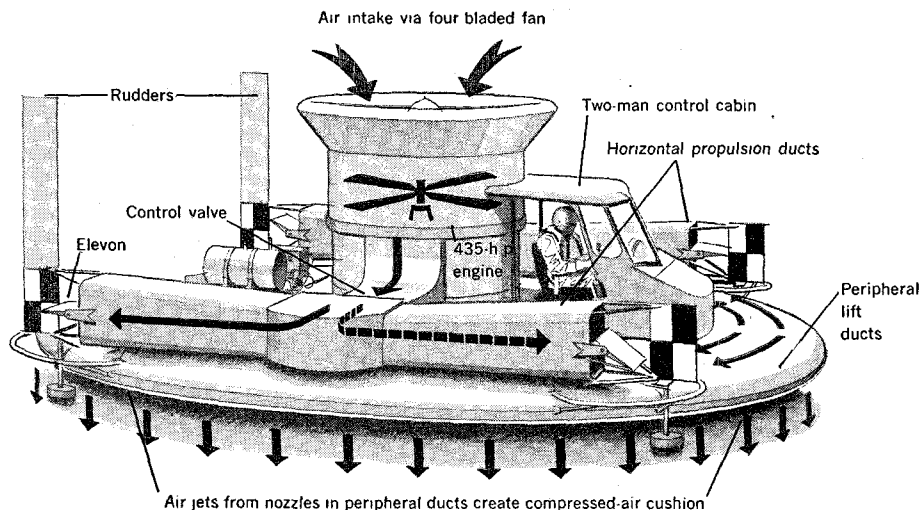
He bought a king-sized fan secondhand for \$7, converted it into what was virtually a giant vacuum cleaner and installed it in a boat. It didn't work. The air simply leaked away. But the experiment did narrow the problem down to finding a practical method for containing the pressurized air under the craft.

It was then that Cockerell had his idea of letting the air hold itself in place—of confining the center bubble in a moving air "casing."

He tried the idea out with two empty cans, one smaller than the other and open at one end. He soldered the small can inside the larger, with a small gap running round between them and the open ends both facing the same way. In the closed end of the larger can he made a hole through which to funnel a jet of compressed air.

First he held the nozzle of his home-built "blower" above a bathroom scale and switched it on. It produced a thrust of one pound. Then he inserted the air hose in the hole he had made in the larger can, held the cans above the scale and switched it on again. As air flowed between the two cans, escaping from the gap between them to build up into a miniature air bubble beneath

Hovercraft: inspired by vacuum cleaner



Air sucked in by fan is compressed and then forced out below, lifting craft onto a bubble which is held in place by an air curtain from side ducts.

them, the pressure exerted went up from one to four pounds.

Cockerell had found the answer. But others were less easily convinced. For four years he trudged with his blueprints up and down the steps of skeptical businesses and disinterested Government departments. Finally he and a friend, A. D. True-man, designed and built a 30-inch model and took it to Britain's Ministry of Supply. Turned loose in the basement, it buzzed all over the place, filling the building with fumes. But the demonstration proved that Cockerell was not just another crackpot inventor. The National Re-

search Development Corp. advanced him \$2,800 to complete his experiments. It set up a development company to run the whole thing (with Cockerell as consultant) and commissioned Saunders-Roe Ltd. to build a prototype.

The hovercraft soon was hailed with enthusiasm by top military brass. Observers from NATO saw the hovercraft take part in mock warfare exercises last year. Although designed to carry only a two-man crew in its bucket seats, it flew with 20 fully equipped marines crouched on the decking.

Many industrial firms whose op-

erations extend into roadless areas are intrigued by the hovercraft. Canadians are interested in using hovercraft in the Northwest Territories. Inquiries have come from Australia and Africa, where lack of roads hinders development.

"The hovercraft is just the thing for these areas," Dennis Hennessey predicts. "It will go over practically anything—land, water, snow, ice, swamp, broken country. It will even

skim over the Canadian muskeg, which you can't get a damned thing over except when frozen."

Big though they are, the hovercraft now being blueprinted in Britain are only the beginning. Christopher Cockerell is already dreaming of a hovercraft 10,000 tons in displacement and 600 feet long with accommodations for 4,000 passengers to link Europe and the U.S. at speeds up to 140 miles an hour. 

CONFUSION CONFOUNDED

THE LAWYER NEVER lived who willingly would use one word when two would do. The accused is charged with breaking and entering, burglar and larceny, or with conduct lewd and lascivious, or perhaps simply with having been drunk and disorderly. Before arriving in the courtroom, he may have suffered abrasions and contusions.

We outsiders long have suspected that most of these extra words were unnecessary, but maybe lawyers have the last laugh. In a British court recently a citizen was charged with assault and battery. It seems he had thrown a plate of sausages at his father-in-law, and two found their mark. The court clerk explained that "Assault" could have been caused by the seven sausages that were thrown, and the "battery" by the two which hit the target. The ruling was good and sufficient.

—MONA SHEPPARD, *Plain Letters*, ©, 1960, Simon & Schuster

IF YOU THINK yo don't amont to mch, look what happens when we leave yo ot.

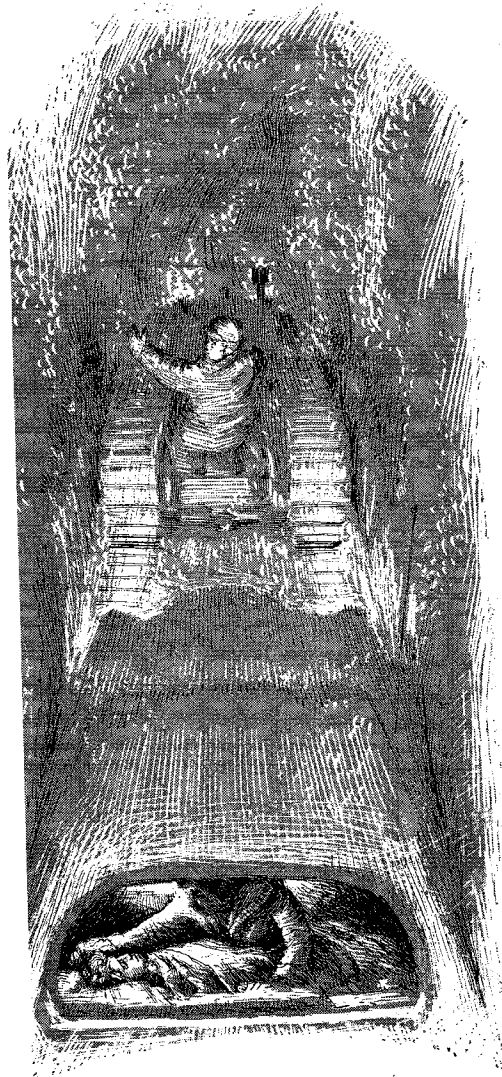
—General Features Corporation

AFTER A DISCUSSION on health and hygiene, the doctor told his spinster patient: "Even though you take a bath every day, you can't stay healthy just by bathing alone."

"Maybe not, doctor," snapped the woman, "but I'm still going to bathe alone!"

—F. G. KERNAN (Quote)

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STORMY, as everyone calls him, was born February 10, 1960, in a state highway patrol car, marooned in a ten foot snowdrift at a lonely crossroads corner in Lake County, Illinois, during a howling blizzard. It's a funny nickname, I know, but it wasn't a laughing matter to me then, nor is it now. If it hadn't been for the Samaritans of the highways who helped us I might not have survived to tell our story.

My husband, employed as a metal assembler 20 miles from our home, had telephoned the night before as I was waiting dinner.

"I can't make it, honey. The roads are all closed. How are you feeling? Will you be all right?"

"Definitely," I told him. "I'll be fine. Mom and Dad are close by if I need help." At 22, with a husband the same age and a second baby on the way the future looked rosy.

But the next morning at four o'clock I was in labor. Shivering, I got out of bed and opened the back door. "Brr—it's cold—still snowing and blowing," I said aloud to myself. "Dad will never be able to drive into it."

Another labor pain was tearing at me. Quickly, I closed the door before the wind could snatch it away from me. I leaned against it for a

"Stormy, my snow baby"

by CAROLE MAY

few moments until the pain had passed, and thought of what the doctor had said. I might again have a posterior birth. I had to get to the hospital, and soon.

Before I dressed I called Mom and Dad. With the beginning of labor my bravado of the night before had disappeared. Mom answered with her usual calm assurance. "Dad will be right over. You'll be in the hospital in no time short."

As methodically as I could I packed a bag for the new baby and myself, then I dressed and waited, shivering, for Dad.

It wasn't long before he arrived with George, my brother, and my sister. She would take care of Bonny, our 18-month-old baby. Dad telephoned the doctor.

"I'm marooned—and how. Can't even get into the garage for my car," the doctor said. "I'll do my best to get to Memorial Hospital. If I can't, I'll phone instructions to the staff."

Dad phoned the sheriff, who reported, "This is the most terrific storm in years. Highways are choked with stalled cars and snowdrifts. But Route 173 is still open."

"We can lick it," Dad said. "One of the boys at the filling station has volunteered to break the way for us with his snowplow jeep. Come on,

Baby, it may be a future President of the U.S.A. who is about to be born. Let's not keep him waiting."

The snowdrifts in the driveway reached to my hips. I fell, but George, floundering about himself, managed to get me back on my feet. At last we reached the car parked on the highway. I looked at my watch—six o'clock. It was black as night. Then we were on our way, with the snowplow in the lead.

After two hours of shuffling back and forth we advanced only nine miles. We kept bumping into abandoned cars, completely encased in snow and invisible. We inched ahead slowly, but finally the snowdrifts got us too, snowplow and all.

Our entourage had grown to a dozen or more cars, all following us closely. Now they too were disappearing under the snow. The drivers huddled together in conference with Dad and George. Most had feed sacks with eye holes pulled down over their heads for protection against the biting wind. Dad frantically was spreading the word. "My daughter is in labor. I have to get her to the hospital." His big worry soon became the worry of every individual in the caravan. "An expectant mother in the lead car!"

God heard us. Among the snow-

Warm hearts—and skilled hands—thwarted the icy fingers of the blizzard as it threatened to destroy a life as yet unborn

bound was a surgical nurse from the Memorial Hospital staff. Immediately she took over with a sure, comforting hand.

From a nearby farmhouse the nurse telephoned my doctor. She confirmed his suspicions that the birth would be posterior. In a posterior delivery, the baby arrives face upward, instead of down as in a normal birth, unless the doctor has changed its position with forceps. Having no instruments, the nurse had to let nature take its course, and it was my hard luck, so I learned later, to have the baby's forehead contact the pubic bone, holding back delivery.

I had had one baby. I was conscious of the many things that could happen. Not only did we lack instruments, but there was no anesthesia, no oxygen for the baby if it should need it, no doctor.

The cheerful and confident voice of the nurse drifted through to me.

"You're all right, honey; everything is under control. I talked with the doctor. He certainly paid you a nice compliment: 'This girl's got what it takes—stamina—courage—she'll come through all right,' he said. I'm sure he'll be proud of you this day."

The nurse continued, "If the baby decides to come before we reach the hospital, I know exactly what to do. Don't worry about a thing."

Bless her, she kept up my morale, but now my pains were closer, more severe. The nurse didn't want to leave me, so Dad telephoned the doctor this time. As he left, a driver from another car came to our door,

opened it and without preamble said, "God Almighty, have you heard the latest news report? Weatherman says wind's velocity is increasing—that the snow will continue. My wife will be frantic."

The nurse looked hard at him, then said quietly, "You'd do better if you did a little old-fashioned praying and not so much talking about yourself. We have our own problems right here."

Just then Dad returned. The doctor said to get me into a house. As soon as I was established, Dad would phone the airport for a helicopter to carry me to the hospital.

THE NEAREST HOME belonged to a wonderful, elderly couple named Keats. It was in a small farm community, served by an eight-party telephone line. The operator opened it up and Mrs. Keats explained the situation to all of the parties asking them to stay off the phone.

Mrs. Keats made coffee and soup for me. As labor pains became more violent, the nurse brought a small glass of whisky. "Take it," she ordered, "whenever you feel a pain in the making. Just pretend it's an anesthetic."

Then Dad telephoned the airport. The answer was a devastating "no." The only helicopter had been taken out a half-hour before by a veterinarian. One of his clients had a racing stable. Ironically the veterinarian's services were needed to help a mare give birth to a foal.

Dad's eyes were swimming in tears, and I'm ashamed to say, I felt that I couldn't hold out. "I just

don't think I can make it, Dad," I sobbed. "It's so cold and the pains are so terrible."

"Honey, remember what Doc said about your stamina—your courage. You'll come through fine. The Lord is on our side."

So—I braced myself once more for the onslaught of pain and stifled a desire to scream. The nurse told me that the entire county was aroused to our desperate situation. Police departments of nearby towns, hospital authorities, road-maintenance workers, newspapers, television stations, all knew of our plight, and were working to save us.

It seemed unbelievable that we were holed in, unable to make the three miles more to the hospital. We had left home 11 hours before. It was now five o'clock in the afternoon. In spite of what everyone was doing, I doubted that rescuers could arrive in time. What would happen to my unborn baby—to me—to Dad and George—to all the people marooned in their cars?

Then, dramatically, came the break. A troop of passengers from the marooned cars came toward the house shouting, "Hooray—Hooray! The rescue team is on its way."

Dad put his arm around me and whispered, "I told you the Lord was with us, Honey."

Visible through the blowing snow was a state patrol car, following a bulldozer which expertly plowed a path to the Keats' door.

It was 7:20 P.M. when we left the safety of the Keats home, thanking them for their hospitality. Wrapped in the Keats' blankets, I was carried

to the back seat of the patrol car. The nurse sat beside me. My spirits rose—it would be only a matter of minutes until we rode into town.

"Nothing to it," the driver shouted from his unsheltered seat atop the bulldozer. But it was tough going. Half-frozen, he shuttled that dinosaur of a machine backward and forward as if it were a lawn mower. After each cut into a snow-bank, he turned his machine around to get to the rear of the patrol car. Then he edged his bulldozer slowly ahead to budge the car forward a few yards more.

By this time the birth of my child had become everyone's concern. Whenever we were stopped by an unusually high drift, the caravan behind us would dash up to find out how I was doing. The nurse never varied in her answers: "Fine, just fine. She is a good patient."

Dad and George, both close to exhaustion from which they did not recover for several days, floundered through the snow, ready to push when the patrol car threatened to stall. In an hour we had advanced only a quarter of a mile.

New snowdrifts kept forming, eliminating any road pattern. When our car suddenly dropped a foot or more, we didn't need to be told—"We're in a ditch." The bulldozer extricated us from the first one. The second ditch was worse. While we were temporarily stalled there, the sergeant had a call from headquarters. It was the doctor, concerned about our welfare. The nurse was noncommittal. "Yes, very soon," she said. Then the conversation blacked-

out as the bulldozer pushed us onto the pavement again.

I prayed there would be no more ditches. Each drop brought me almost unbearable pains. I cried, not loud I hope, but I did cry. I couldn't hold back. I was in constant pain, and I knew the birth would take place any minute. I was frightened.

The nurse comforted me. "All's well," she shouted above the tumult of the grinding gears, the yells of the drivers and the howling of the wind. "It won't be long now. An ambulance is waiting down the line to zip you right into the delivery room."

It wasn't to be that way. We dropped into another snow-filled ditch. It was the last jolt that Stormy needed, in spite of the fact that he was not arriving in orthodox fashion. He decided to be born right then and there—at 8:32 P.M. in this snow-filled ditch. Nothing was going to stop him. So, the snow caravan halted to give Stormy time to be born. It was a lonely corner, no buildings anywhere—except far down the road a tavern light twinkled faintly.

It was dark, very dark. The snow was blowing into new drifts, and

the blizzard continued unabated.

The only light in the car was the overhead, supplemented by the nurse's cigarette lighter.

That wonderful sergeant and the nurse worked together as a team. The sergeant knew about babies and mothers. It was he who applied pressure to my abdomen while the nurse was delivering Stormy.

At the very end, the nurse miraculously produced a piece of string from her purse to tie the umbilical cord. At last, Stormy was free to take his place in our family circle.

Again we were on the move, the bulldozer leading us safely and expertly out of the ditch, Stormy's birthplace, to the hospital, where we arrived at 9 P.M.

In spite of the fact that I knew some reparative surgery would be needed to correct the damages of a posterior birth, I felt strangely elated. I had a son. He weighed nine pounds and four ounces.

Am I going to have any more children? Certainly. I hope to have another boy and another girl. If I have anything to say about it though, they'll be born in the summer time. 

FRANKLY SPEAKING

MANY PEOPLE who say they're fit as a fiddle look more like a bass drum.

—Modern Medicine

A GOOD NEIGHBOR is a fellow who smiles at you over the fence, but doesn't climb it.

—Quote

A TRULY HAPPY MARRIAGE is one in which the woman gives the best years of her life to the man who makes them the best years.

—AREJAS VITKAUSKAS

Luis Kutner's crusade for justice



He defends the
defenseless with courtroom
fireworks and a
stubborn resistance to
official apathy
or gangland threats

BY DAVID DRESSLER

IN CHICAGO one spring day in 1922, a 12-year-old boy named Luis Kutner went angling for goldfish in Humboldt Park. A policeman arrested him, threw him into a basement cell in the Park Police Station, and left for the week end without notifying the sergeant. It was not until two days later that a janitor discovered the starving boy and had him returned to his frantic parents. That experience shaped Luis Kutner's life.

"I resolved then and there to become a lawyer and fight injustice with all the talents at my command," he now recalls.

His fervor for justice has had widely differing effects. It has, for example, indirectly caused a re-vamping of army trial procedure, stimulated discussion on international habeas corpus procedures and fingered Kutner for assassination by a Chicago mob. To date, his considerable talents have won the release of over 1,000 wrongly convicted defendants, most of them unable to pay a fee.

Take the recent case of a German refugee couple living in Chicago in 1959. The husband barely made ends meet, but when his wife's birthday came around he managed to bring her what she yearned for—an electric juicer. That night, police arrived, arrested him for burglary and charged his wife with knowingly receiving stolen property. The juicer was part of the loot of an appliance store burglary. The owner happened to see the hus-

band carrying it home, followed him, and telephoned the police.

Protesting their innocence, the couple was convicted in a trial lasting less than an hour and sentenced to jail. Kutner happened to read a news story depicting the husband as a bewildered immigrant who stole for love of his wife. Touched, he went to see him, to offer him a job on release. He came away convinced the man was innocent.

But if not this man, who was the thief? Kutner had once supported the family of a burglar serving time. Now the attorney called on the ex-felon and asked him: "Find out who pulled that appliance store job." Soon he had the name of the thief (by then in jail for another job) and of the "fence" who sold the juicer to a cafeteria where the refugee innocently bought it. A retrial was granted and the couple was freed—on the husband's birthday.

Of the many injustices he has set right, none gives Kutner more satisfaction than the 1949 James Montgomery case. In 1923 Mamie Snow, a 62-year-old spinster of Waukegan, Illinois, accused Montgomery, a Negro, of rape. She was the sole witness at the trial, and Montgomery's lawyer offered no rebuttal. Montgomery was sentenced to life.

Years later, when Kutner was visiting Stateville Penitentiary, prisoners told him they believed Montgomery was framed. At his own expense Kutner conducted a two-year investigation, then went to Federal Court for a habeas corpus writ. At the hearing before Judge Michael Igoe, Kutner showed there was a

wave of Ku Klux Klan terrorism in Lake County when the case was tried. He produced KKK records listing the county prosecutor as a member of the organization. Other facts Kutner had unearthed: Montgomery and his counsel were threatened with Klan violence; Mamie Snow had a history of mental illness, died in a mental hospital after Montgomery's conviction; Dr. John Walter had examined her before trial, but the prosecutor kept the report from the jury.

Kutner called Dr. Walter to the stand. "What did the report show?" he asked.

"That Mamie Snow was chaste and had never been assaulted."

The woman suffered from hallucinations. They cost James Montgomery 25 years of freedom.

In a bristling decision, Judge Igoe ordered the prisoner freed, with this praise for Kutner: "You have long been the sword and shield in the struggle for freedom and constitutional government."

Kutner is all this and more. He is an excellent painter, sculptor and poet. He has published novels and co-authored a biography of Admiral Dewey. Short stories, plays and a history of the U.S. Navy have flowed from his pen. He fences, boxes, wrestles. He plays the piano and guitar. His law practice includes not only criminal but also civil and international cases, and he was a visiting lecturer at Yale Law School.

This improbable man is the product of an equally improbable background. His Russian-Turkish-Spanish mother was kidnapped at 11 and

made a Turkish harem dancing girl. Four years later she was rescued by boat and escaped across the Black Sea to Russia with a young painter and opera student who eventually married her and emigrated to Chicago. There Luis was born, in 1910.

As an infant, the future lawyer "had every illness in the book." Unable to attend school until the age of nine, he learned English from English madrigal records and acquired an odd pseudo-English accent. Playmates taunted him for it, and he set about learning boxing and took body-building courses to defend himself. After an accelerated education, he entered the University of Chicago at 15 and was admitted to the bar at 21, financing his schooling by professional wrestling and leading a dance band. The flamboyant young lawyer sported loud vests and spats and ripped into his opponents in rotund Elizabethan phrases. Criminal court habitués nicknamed him "The Lip."

UNDER American law even a seemingly guilty defendant is entitled to counsel, and Kutner had his share of these. In 1930, Johnny Gale was charged with holding up a drug clerk, Harry Lynch. Since the pharmacy served as a postal substation and part of Lynch's salary was paid by the U.S. Government, the charge was assaulting a Federal employee. The U.S. Attorney proved the date, time and place of the crime. Lynch identified Gale as his assailant. Despite the damning evidence, Kutner rose and demanded a directed verdict of acquittal.

"On what ground?" the judge demanded.

"On the ground this court lacks competent jurisdiction."

The prosecution's own testimony, counsel pointed out, showed the substation closed at 4:30 P.M. The robbery occurred at 4:45 P.M. The clerk was no longer a Federal employee, but a pharmacist's helper. Hence no Federal employee was robbed. The judge ordered acquittal.

In fighting injustice, Kutner has risked his life. In the course of the robbery of Vincent DeRosa's grocery store in Chicago, a customer, Anthony Benedetto, was slain. Four youths were arrested for the crimes. They confessed the holdup but denied firing a shot, contending Sam DeRosa, the grocer's son, did that. Sam swore he was asleep at the time.

The suspects got life for murder and 14 years for robbery; then, ten years later, in 1945, Kutner became interested in the case through the Catholic chaplain of Stateville Penitentiary. Kutner's investigation convinced him that Sam DeRosa, whose father's store was a pay-off spot for bootleggers, was the killer. Eventually, armed with new evidence, he applied for a writ of habeas corpus in Federal District Court.

A day before the hearing he was visited by "The Hat," a Crime Syndicate hoodlum so dubbed because he wore a straw hat year-round. Placing 25 \$1,000 bills on the desk, The Hat suggested Kutner take a cruise for his health. The lawyer said he felt fine. When his visitor had gone, Kutner put two pistols on his desk and went about prepar-

ing his case. An hour later a man he defended without charge telephoned, "They're comin' for ya!"

Luis grabbed his papers and raced off in his car. In the mirror he spotted the black limousine of Syndicate executioners, The Hat at the wheel. Kutner streaked through the city, praying a policeman would pull him to the curb. No such luck. He roared into the suburbs, as far as Winnetka, 19 miles out. Then, in the widening ravines leading to Glencoe, he shook his pursuers.

Next day, The Hat was sitting in the courthouse. As Kutner approached, the Syndicate man ominously drew his forefinger across his throat. Kutner snapped, "I wrote myself some life insurance, a document I left with Bill Drury. I told him if I'm found with cement boots at the bottom of Lake Michigan, to open the envelope. It blows the whistle on a lot of guys, including a fellow they call The Hat."

Acting Police Captain Bill Drury was an incorruptible officer who despised the Syndicate. The Hat had something to think about.

Kutner had a surprise for the court. Beneditto died of a shot from a .38 revolver. But no ballistics evidence was introduced proving that the robbers' .38 fired the fatal shot. Now Kutner introduced another .38 revolver. A ballistics report established it was the murder weapon. This revolver, Kutner announced, was fired by Sam DeRosa.

Kutner had followed DeRosa's movements. When Sam was inducted into the Army the lawyer wrote Chaplain Adam Micek at

Camp Robinson, Arkansas, urging him to work on Sam's conscience. Influenced by the priest, DeRosa re-joined the church he had abandoned. When Kutner heard this, he flew to Arkansas and pleaded with Sam to cleanse himself of sin. DeRosa confessed that when the robbers entered, he came out of the back room and fired wildly, accidentally striking Beneditto. Sam told Kutner where he had hidden the gun.

The prisoners were released.

Because of Bill Drury, Kutner faced death again in 1950. The Syndicate mobsters wanted Drury out of their way. When he was transferred to the unsolved murder detail, they felt safe, since few gang murders have ever been solved in Chicago. But Drury reopened the James Ragen case. Ragen, head of a nationwide racing news service, was shotgunned in 1946 shortly after refusing to cut Jake (Greasy Thumb) Guzik and other remnants of the Capone mob into his business. Drury picked up Guzik and was immediately discharged. Kutner handled Drury's appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court but "fate" intervened.

The Senate Crime Investigating Committee, headed by Senator Estes Kefauver, asked Drury to give it facts on the Ragen murder and other Syndicate doings. An attorney, Marvin Bas, helped him prepare his report. One hour before Drury was to meet a Committee investigator, he was felled by shotgun blasts. An hour and a half later, Bas met the same fate. "Bookmakers were laying odds there would be a triple header," Kutner grimly declares. "I was to

be Number Three, because I was the last man to see Drury alive, and the Syndicate erroneously believed he had left a dossier with me."

A police cordon was thrown around Number Three. Kefauver rushed a subpoena, which Kutner publicized widely. It saved his life, for no mobster would dare murder a man officially summoned before the Committee.

Kutner could not afford to devote so much time to what he calls "poor man's justice" were it not for his lucrative civil practice. Recently he established a legal precedent that even husbands have human rights.

An heiress to \$12,000,000 was divorcing her husband and wanted to sell their Gold Coast home over his head. The bank ordered his eviction. Luis went into court with a 200-year-old common-law principle asserting that a husband is entitled to the same protection as a wife. Kutner maintained that the wife could not dispossess her husband unless she provided him with another home as luxurious as the one to which she had accustomed him. The court agreed and before the wife was granted a divorce she had to pay her husband a reported \$500,000.

Kutner's defense of a soldier with an undesirable discharge, who had been convicted by an Army field board of collaborating with his Communist captors in the Korean War, brought about reform of military trial procedures in 1955. The soldier, Douglas Stephens, never knew who accused him, nor what the specific charges were. In violation of his constitutional rights, an

Illinois Army camp field board, rather than a court martial, had convicted him, Kutner argued. The field board's decision was reversed and Stephens got an honorable discharge, with back pay. Automatically, 135 other ex-prisoners tried by drumhead field courts in Korea had their cases reviewed and the Secretary of the Army ordered a complete overhaul of military trial machinery to protect the rights of soldiers.

An international cause for which Kutner is still fighting is his proposal for a "world habeas corpus." This would give detained individuals the right to petition the World Court for a hearing to force the detaining nation to cite its evidence. The proposal has been debated by the United Nations and Congress. The late Congresswoman Edith Nourse Rogers of Massachusetts called the proposed instrument "the Magna Charta of the world."

Kutner cites the cases of Cardinal Mindszenty, imprisoned by Hungary, and Associated Press correspondent William Oatis, jailed by Czechoslovakia, as cases where the principle could have been applied. The late Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Vishinsky was so interested in the idea that he sent for 100 copies of Kutner's monograph on World Habeas Corpus.

When not pursuing his far-flung activities, Kutner relaxes at home with his wife and two children.

He sums himself up this way: "I feel that one who suffered as I did just to live had to make something of his life. My destiny was to agitate the conscience of the world." 

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But is there a catch? Yes there can be. To many people Florida means its coasts—its Miami, its St. Petersburg, its Daytona, its Jacksonville. And the cost of land there is high—very high. Building lots usually sell for thousands of dollars each in these areas—many times even higher. And the irony is that coastal sections are often a headache to the buyer. In the words of W. M. Gracy, District Manager of Florida Power Corp. and President of Dunnellon Chamber of Commerce: "... the most important factor in choosing a homesite in Florida is the selection of high, dry, well-drained land. Much of the state, particularly in coastal areas, consists of low lying or filled lands which often present

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A forger with dreams

BY MYRON BRENTON

This naive Italian stonecutter
unwittingly hoodwinked museums the world
over with his fake masterpieces

IN 1920, an obscure Italian stonecutter named Alceo Dossena sat in his tiny studio in Rome, his thoughts centuries away from his workaday job of making cornices for new buildings. With every stroke of his hammer and chisel, he slid deeper into a world of fantasy.

First he saw himself as Leonardo da Vinci. Then Michelangelo—or

any one of the other great Renaissance sculptors whose work he knew and loved.

One day Dossena could stand it no longer. Pushing aside for all time his detested cornices, he turned to a chunk of rich marble and began carving a statue, unaware that his fantasies had launched him on a career that would eventually

bring him world-wide notoriety.

For eight years, the little stonemason lived and slaved his dreams of glory, creating dozens of brilliant sculptures. Then, one bleak November day in 1928, an earthquake rocked the art world; in New York, Cleveland, Boston, Rome, Berlin and Munich, museum authorities learned that some of their most prized sculptures were fakes—magnificent copies produced in all innocence by the daydreaming cornice-maker.

For years Dossena had studied the works of the old masters. One artist in particular fascinated him: Simone Martini, a 14th-century painter. Martini had never worked in stone, but Dossena, studying the powerful canvases, felt that Martini *should* have been a sculptor! He could shut his eyes and actually see what Martini, six centuries before, might have done in marble.

By poking around abandoned quarries and rummaging through unguarded ruins, Dossena gradually accumulated a stockpile of the richly veined marble used by the Renaissance sculptors. Then, skillfully imitating Martini's style, he carved a beautiful marble sculpture of the Madonna and Child.

Next, Dossena turned to other Renaissance sculptors he admired, producing stunning works in their special manner. After that, he reached further back in time—using marble dating back to the time of Athens which he had unearthed in nearby Greek ruins—to create incredibly fine statuary that might well have come from the Golden

Age of Greece, 2,500 years earlier.

Day and night the stonemason worked, until his studio began to resemble a museum. In every corner stood seemingly genuine 15th-century tombs, 14th-century marble fonts and Grecian goddesses. But Dossena made no attempt to sell his work until an antique dealer named Alfredo Fasoli came to look at the stonemason's Renaissance statues. Carefully concealing his excitement, Fasoli told Dossena: "There's not much demand for copies such as these, but perhaps I can get rid of some for you at bargain prices."

But unknown to Dossena, the art dealer had another plan in mind. He took one of the stonemason's sculptures to a colleague named Pallesi, who had excellent connections in the international art market. Both men could practically count their future profits as they gazed upon the statue's seemingly authentic chips, cracks and discolorations. Outwardly, at least, it looked centuries old.

The statue was offered to a museum in Rome. "We doubt the authenticity of this piece," the dealers told museum officials, then settled back to await developments.

A team of art experts examined the sculpture, and to the jubilation of Fasoli and Pallesi, reported that it was indeed genuine! The museum paid a tidy sum for what it considered an artistic find. Dossena, however, was told that the statue had been sold as a cheap copy and humbly accepted the few banknotes that Fasoli handed him. And when

(continued on page 191)



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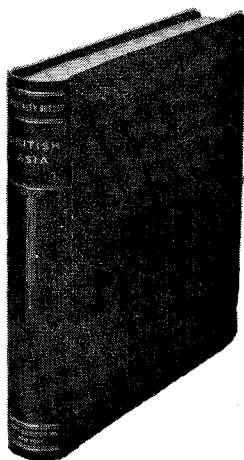
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the unscrupulous art dealers offered him a contract for exclusive rights to his work, he signed gratefully, somewhat bewildered at all this interest in him.

Subsequently, more of Dossena's statues were offered as genuine Renaissance sculpture, and museums and private collectors throughout Europe snapped them up. Informed that his works were being sold inexpensively as imitations, Dossena never questioned the small sums Fasoli gave him. Instead he kept hammering out one bogus masterpiece after another.

Dossena's imitation Renaissance and Greek art fooled an imposing array of museums. New York City's Metropolitan Museum of Art bought a statue of a Greek maiden supposedly dating back to 500 B.C. The Cleveland Museum purchased a wooden Madonna and Child attributed to Pisano, a 14th-century sculptor whose wood pieces had never been discovered. And Boston's Museum of Fine Arts was stuck with a sarcophagus supposedly made by Renaissance sculptor Mino da Fiesole. When the hoax was exposed, a Boston Museum spokesman said: "If that sarcophagus was a forgery, it is worth preserving. It is beautiful, no matter who did it."

As recently as 1958, some art experts insisted that "Diana With Fawn," a statue in the St. Louis Museum, had originated in Dossena's studio. But the Museum issued a 51-page report defending its statue as original and kept it on display.

How is it possible that so many

art experts, using the finest scientific equipment, were either fooled or put on the defensive by Dossena's work? For one thing, Dossena conceived his works on a grander scale than any forger before him. He reportedly invented a secret chemical that penetrated stone and gave it an earth-stained appearance and duplicated the effects of natural erosion. For another, many museum curators failed to investigate fully the origin of the pieces.

But one overriding reason is often overlooked. His counterfeit works of art passed the closest inspection because Alceo Dossena was a genius born several centuries too late.

As they went about peddling Dossena's work, Fasoli and his colleague tried to be circumspect. Whenever a museum did become suspicious about one of the statues, it received an immediate refund. Nevertheless, in 1928, the dealers made two serious mistakes. First, they tried to cheat Dossena on the terms of his contract. Second, they tried to sell counterfeit statues to the Frick Collection of New York.

Though attracted by the supposedly rare pieces, the Frick authorities cautiously decided to send their own experts to Italy before completing the purchase. The American visitors arrived at a most inopportune time. Inadvertently, a visitor to Dossena's studio had informed the sculptor that his works were being represented as real Renaissance pieces in a Berlin museum. Appalled that his work had been misused and enraged that others had amassed a fortune by making

him a party to deceit, Dossena sued his business partners.

Fasoli and Pallesi tried to keep the Frick representatives from hearing the news, but it soon made headlines on both sides of the Atlantic. Authorities estimated that Fasoli, Pallesi and certain anonymous international art firms had pocketed over \$2,000,000 from the sale of Dossena's phony art. One piece alone had netted \$150,000. Concerned about the prestige of Italy's art market, the Italian Government conducted an investigation that cleared 53-year-old Dossena of all blame in the swindle and forced the dealers to make at least partial restitution to the victimized buyers.

After the furor subsided, Dossena

continued to work in the Renaissance style so dear to him, then quickly slid back into obscurity and he died seven years later, alone and forgotten. But his story has an ironic sequel.

On March 9, 1933, in the grand ballroom of New York's Hotel Plaza, National Art Galleries, Inc. auctioned off 39 pieces of Alceo Dossena's remarkable work. The largest single sale netted a mere \$675. The entire group of statues was sold for only \$9,125. With each purchase, the buyer was handed a handsome certificate issued by the Italian Government. It solemnly stated that what the buyer had just purchased was guaranteed to be a "genuine fake." 

MARK OF THE MAN

FRENCH ARTIST Auguste Renoir suffered so from rheumatism that just holding a brush in his hand was enough to make him wince.

"Why do you keep painting?" a friend once asked.

"The pain passes," replied Renoir, "but the beauty endures."

—E. E. EDGAR

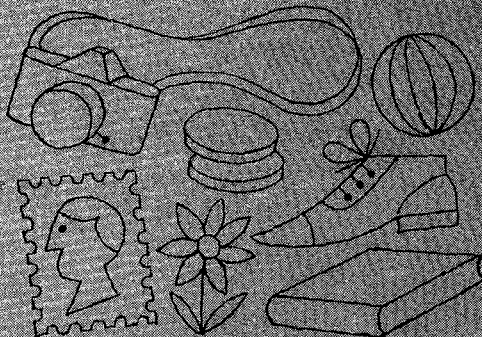
AFTER THE DEATH of the Roman emperor, Marcus Aurelius, legend has it that the Olympian gods gave a banquet in his honor. During the evening Jupiter announced a contest to determine which of the great Roman emperors had been the greatest. All of them were present, and each in turn stood up to make an address in his own behalf.

Most of the emperors boasted of their conquests, or of their wealth and power; but when Marcus Aurelius was called on to speak, he modestly exclaimed, "I, a humble philosopher, have cherished the ambition never to give pain to another."

Thereupon, amid resounding acclamation, he was crowned as the greatest of the Romans. —*Sunshine Magazine*

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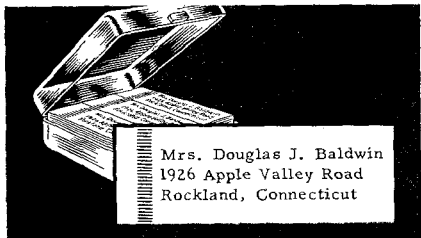
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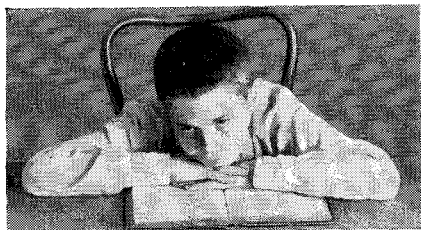
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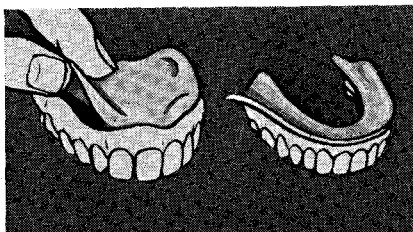
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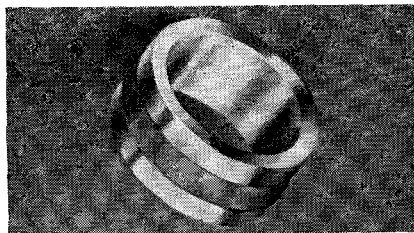
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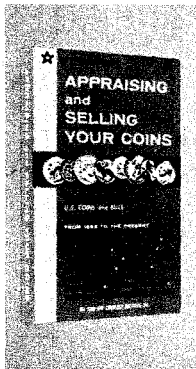
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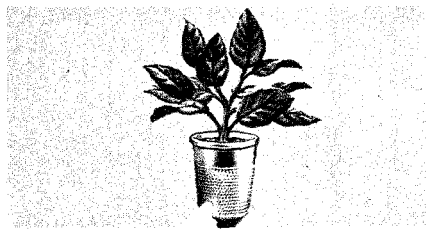
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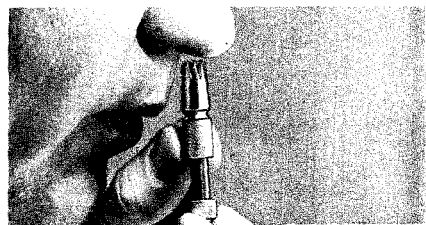
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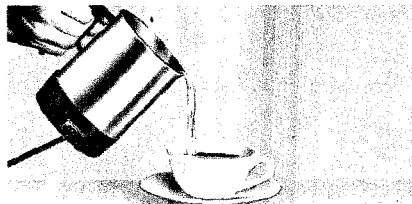
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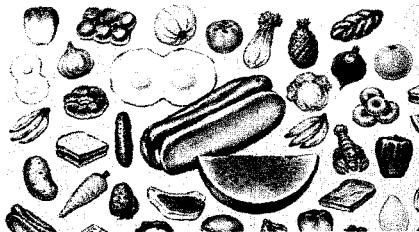
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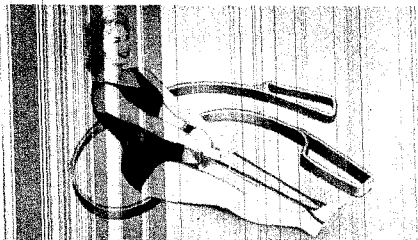
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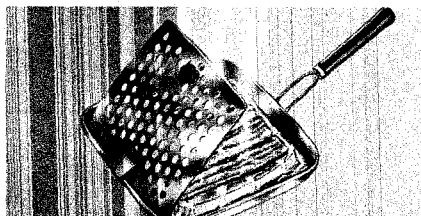
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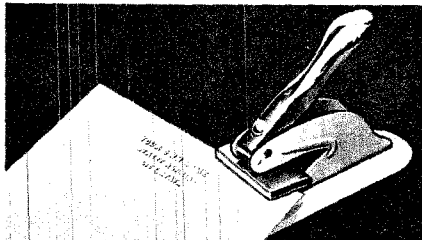


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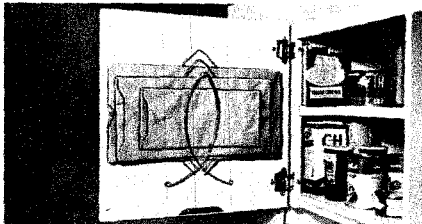
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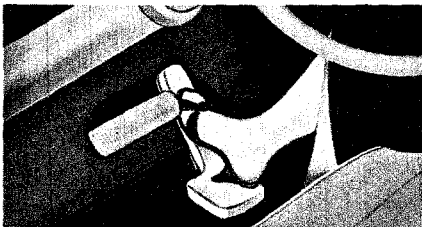
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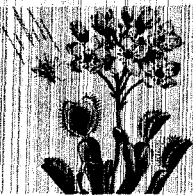
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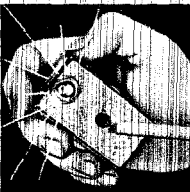


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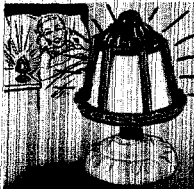
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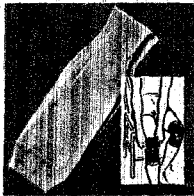
LIGHT WHERE YOU WANT IT—\$1



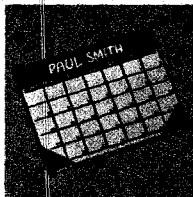
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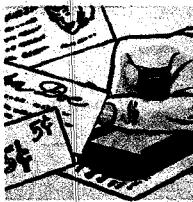
Here's to no more beer in your eye! New "No Spray" opener protects you and the ceiling from sudden updrafts, with a small umbrella—fastened right to it! Regular size, made of golden-toned metal with umbrella to match. A clever conversation piece that's decorative and really useful in the home bar. Brand new! Lots of fun. \$1.00 ea. 3 for \$2.79.

This roomy check bank could save you money! It will hold 300 cancelled checks. Keep them safe, clean, available—ready at a moment's notice if needed for tax purposes, proof of payment, etc. Tab index dividers included for 5 year file. Green ripple box with golden stamp, measures $7\frac{1}{2}'' \times 4\frac{3}{4}'' \times 3\frac{1}{4}''$. . . \$1.00 ea., 3 for \$2.79.



Do the job in half the time with Coin Counter! No more fuss or fumbling! Beats the old-fashioned way by a mile! Just slip coins into plastic tray up to indicator line, and slide wrapper under coins. No mistakes—you can even wrap easily with plain paper! Coin Counter counts pennies, nickels, dimes and quarters automatically. Each \$1.00 6 for \$5.00.

Make-A-Stamp reproduces any copy or sketch! Just type, write or draw on stencil-ink pad—attach stencil. Then print cards, signs, etc. Makes 100 copies with each inking. Stencils are re-usable. 1" x 3" area takes 5 typed lines. Set (including stamp, 3 stencils, ink, applicator, test paper, directions) \$2.00. Extra Stencils, \$1.00. Extra Ink 75¢.



Cover up with Auto Cap—find windshield and windows clear in the morning despite snow, sleet, freezing rain, frost! Provides perfect protection! Insures good visibility in sub-zero cold. Eliminates one of the big nuisances of winter driving. Heavy polyethylene plastic. Won't freeze in winter's worst. Covers top and all windows. Fastens to fenders; is held firmly in place by 4 elastic shock cords with attached rubberized hooks. Installs in seconds—removes in seconds. No tools. No glue. No tape. No scraping! Folds for easy storage. Also use as utility cover. Passenger Auto Cap or Station Wagon Cap (specify choice). \$5.98 ea., 2 for \$11.50.

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MORE DAZZLING THAN DIAMONDS

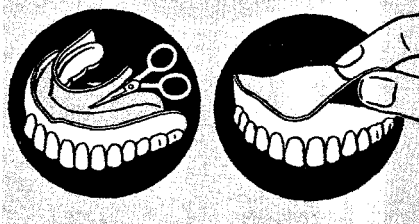
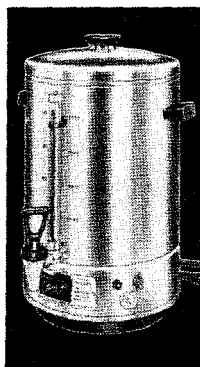
Diamonds cost at least \$1000 for 1-carat, yet a comparable, selected 1-carat Capra Gem is only \$21—tax inc.! Brilliantly beautiful hand-cut, hand-polished Capra Gems are priced within easy reach of all. These gems are truly a miracle of modern science. Learn all about how you can enjoy the magnificence of a dazzling Capra Gem. Write today for our beautifully illustrated Free catalog. See . . . in actual size . . . the wide selection of men's and women's styles, settings, prices. Read about our easy payment plans to suit every budget. Send no money. You are under no obligation and no salesman will call. Capra Gem Company, Dept. CT-21, Box 5145, Philadelphia 41, Pennsylvania.



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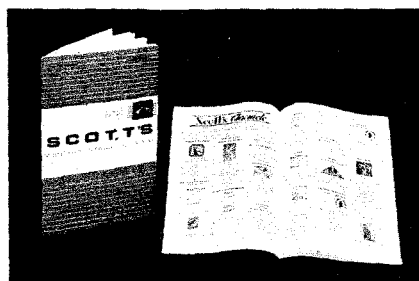
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FEBRUARY, 1961

(Continued on next page)



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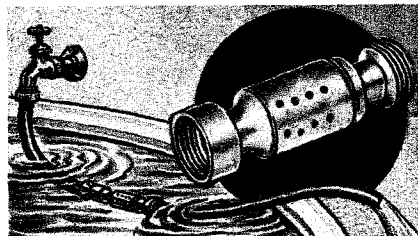
State _____

(A stamped, self-addressed envelope will speed order)



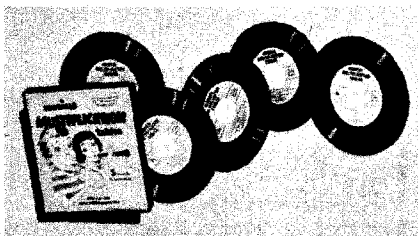
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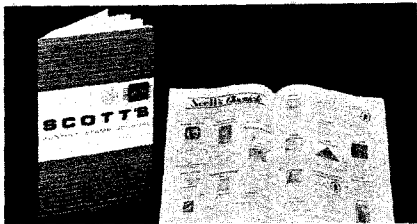


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MEN AND WOMEN 50 TO 80



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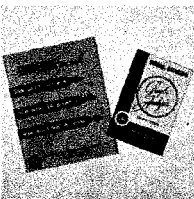
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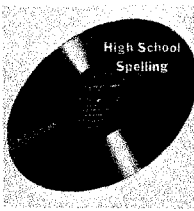
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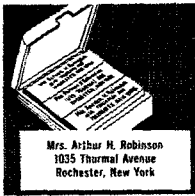
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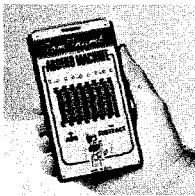
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1. Print full name and address.
2. Date of birth?
3. Height? Sa. Weight?
4. Occupation and duties?
5. Race?
6. Beneficiary and relationship to you?
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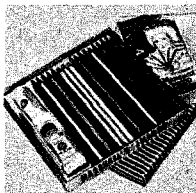
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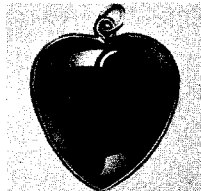
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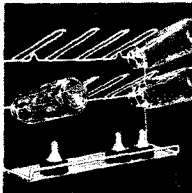
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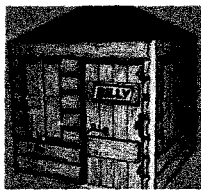
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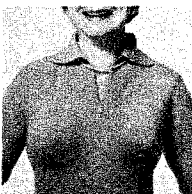
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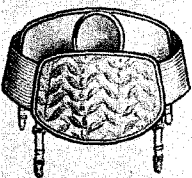
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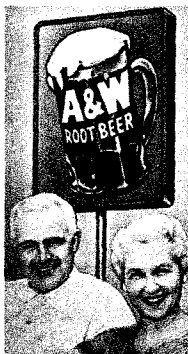
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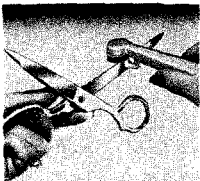
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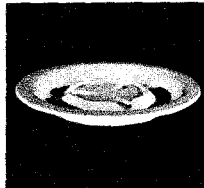
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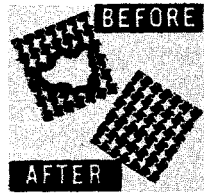
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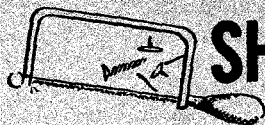


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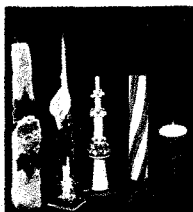
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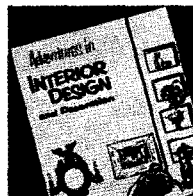
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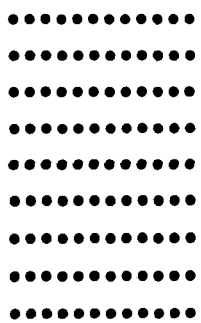
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QUESTION: How does Relax-A-cizor work?

ANSWER: The wonderful secret of Relax-A-cizor is so easy to understand, once you realize that your muscles not only provide movement and posture for your body, but also are the natural foundation for *shaping almost every part of your figure*. Relax-A-cizor exercises and tightens these muscles in the areas selected by you. Regular use of Relax-A-cizor will cause measurable size loss where used to the extent that the muscles need exercise. The less the muscle tone, due to lack of exercise, the greater the benefit you enjoy! And Relax-A-cizor accomplishes this firming of muscles so pleasantly... usually without the slightest fatigue!

Q Why do muscles become lax...lose "tonus"?

A Youthful muscles are generally firmer, harder...made to carry young folks through the earlier, super-active years. But as the years go by, most people have a tendency to "let down" in over-all physical activity. Limitations of time, career and social interests interfere. Even relatively active, hard-working housewives, businessmen and career women exercise certain muscle groups less...particularly *hips, waist and thighs*. Result: the underlying muscles in such body areas lose elasticity and firmness (tonus). They sag...forming unsightly bulges...or "round out" far too much, causing undesirable figure proportions. Relax-A-cizor firms up lax muscles, helps restore elasticity, thus reducing size...and all this without weight-loss!

Q May Relax-A-cizor be used as a facial, too?

A Yes, indeed! Relax-A-cizor's amazing new Facial works like a charm...toning and tightening those all-important shaping muscles under eyes and chin. And you have a choice of two easy-to-use attachments...the ALL-NEW "fingertip"...or REGULAR "Beauty Band." Recommended timing is only 5 minutes per day. Either attachment is convenient and relaxing to use for facial beauty treatment.

Q I'm on a diet program...should I use Relax-A-cizor?

A Remember, Relax-A-cizor requires no diet, does not reduce weight, but causes size-loss (*in figure areas selected by you*) through exercising and tightening muscles of those areas. Use of Relax-A-cizor is doubly important to the person on a diet or weight-loss program who needs to *reduce size of specific areas*...and who finds it tiring, even exhausting, to do "setting up" exercises. Diet, alone, often allows body tissues to sag or become lax. Use Relax-A-cizor to make muscles firmer and in tone...as you lose weight through diet. Relax-A-cizor is genuine, vigorous exercise...activating from 3 to 6 sets of muscles, as you choose. And yet *you make no conscious, tiring effort!* Instead you just relax and let Relax-A-cizor do the work, while you read, watch TV, write letters...even do household chores like ironing...or quietly catnap.

Q I'm a busy person...does Relax-A-cizor take much time?

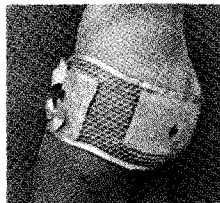
A $\frac{1}{2}$ hour a day is all that's required...and surely you owe yourself that small amount of time, at least, to rest from the day's duties! During that important 30 minutes the figure-controlling muscles you've chosen to firm up will be safely and surely exercised 40-times-per-minute...or 1200 times during the $\frac{1}{2}$ hour! No wonder results are gained so quickly with Relax-A-cizor. Enjoyed by over 300,000 Relax-A-cizor owners, including famous stars and well-known athletes!

Among Relax-A-cizor users are: Doris Day, Eleanor Powell, Jolie Gabor, Patrice Munsel, Lisa Ferraday, Lola Albright, Helen Grayco, Helen O'Connell.

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